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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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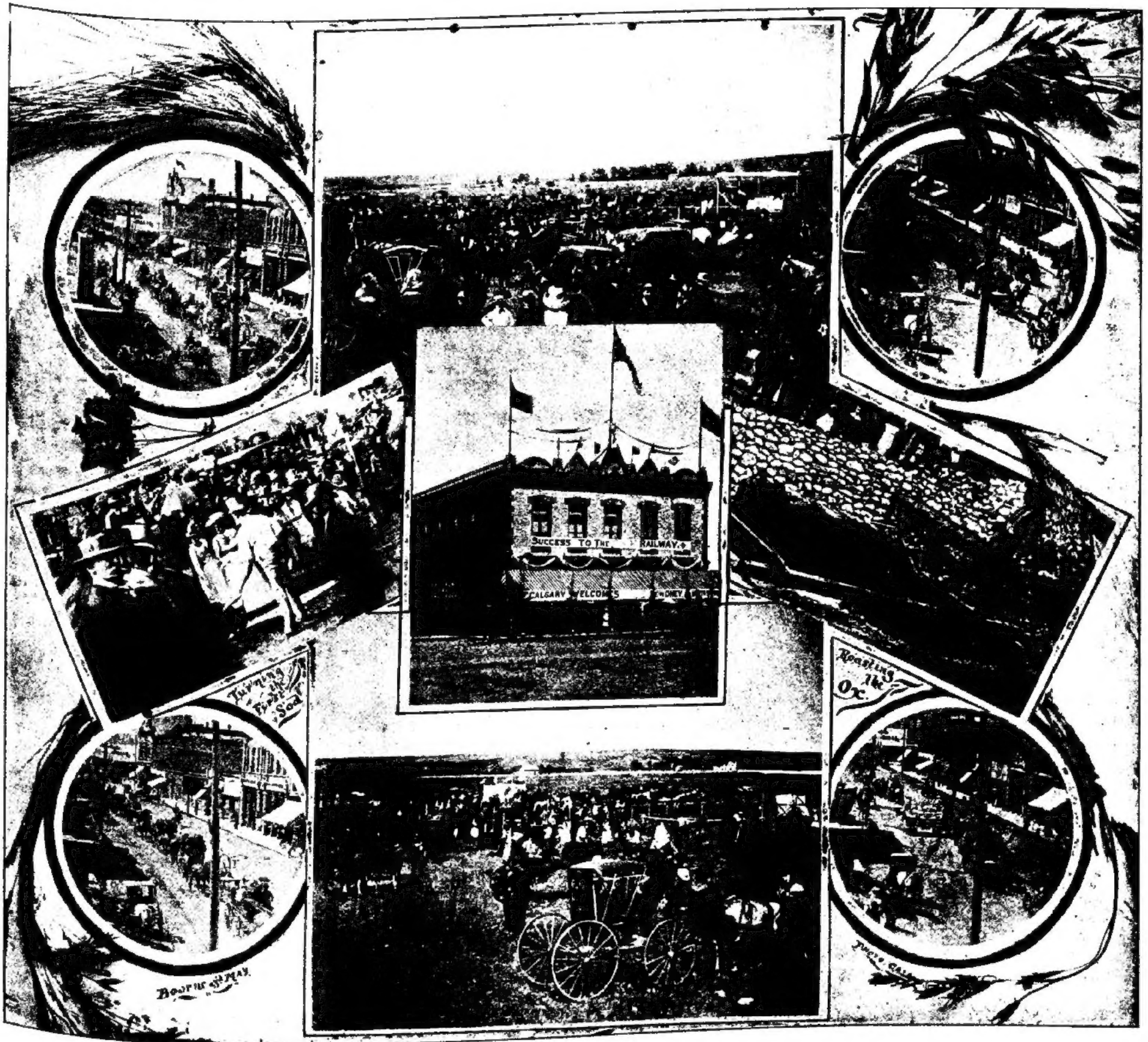
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 110.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 9th AUGUST, 1890.

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CALGARY VIEWS: CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY CELEBRATION.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

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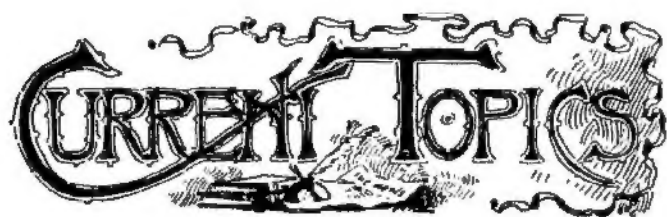
J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
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JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

9th AUGUST, 1890.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The business, hitherto carried on by the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (limited), has been purchased and will be continued by the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, of which Mr. Richard White is President and Mr. Alex. Sabiston is Managing-Director. It is hoped to add to the interest and value of the paper, both from a pictorial and literary standpoint, and to extend and improve the business in its various departments. The business will be carried on in the meantime at the old premises, 73 St. James street, Montreal, under the management of Mr. J. P. Edwards, to whom all communications in connection with accounts due the old company and new business should be addressed.



In an article on crop estimates, the *Winnipeg Commercial*, expresses the opinion that most of those hazarded regarding Manitoba are too large—several of them placing the wheat crop of that province for 1890 at 20,000,000 bushels. This means an average of 27 bushels an acre, which is a very heavy yield and one that Manitoba is hardly likely to reach this year. The latest crop reports for localities range from 15 to 35 bushels, the mean of which would be 25 bushels an acre. This again must be reduced to allow for the general tendency to excess in such forecasts. "If, therefore," continues our contemporary, "we place the average for the province at twenty bushels per acre, we will have 14,921,160 bushels of wheat, and if Manitoba turns out a crop of this size, we will have no reason to grumble. While we hope it may reach the larger estimates, we will feel satisfied if it amounts to the figures given above. At any rate, with the good prospects ahead, there is no reason to overdo things. Better be on the safe side, and if we underestimate the crop for once, it will help to counteract the impression abroad that Manitoba crops are unreliable, and are made solely for the purpose of enticing people to the country."

Some time ago we had occasion to call attention to the numerous complaints which for a long while have been in circulation regarding the application of the liquor law in the Territories. We based our comments on authority which could not well be questioned, as we found it in the utterances of officials in the departmental blue-books. The *Winnipeg Commercial* not long since published a severe article on the same theme, which was, it is claimed, prompted by information gathered in the region concerned. If the charges thus reiterated—charges, moreover, which were made and left uncontradicted in the House of Commons—are well founded, no time should be lost in adopting such measures as may tend to remove the scandal of such bold and persistent defiance of the law. The statements of the *Commercial* have been confirmed by several other western papers, all of which protest against this flagrant lawlessness being allowed to continue unchecked.

"The fact of the matter is," says the *Commercial*, returning to the charge, "that the alleged restrictive regulations are no restriction at all upon the promiscuous sale of liquors, under conditions which are anything but pleasant to contemplate. Prohibition, as carried out in the Territories, is a huge farce; the law is a hollow mockery, and the situation is simply disgraceful to those who uphold it, as well as humiliating to the people of the Territories, who are obliged to submit to it." This is strong language, but not too strong to cope with an evil so enormous and so far-reaching in its degrading effects.

Reports from the Templeton and Portland phosphate mines indicate continued prosperity in those districts. Mr. W. McIntosh, of Buckingham, has, it is said, struck another valuable deposit. The Blackburn and McLaurin mine is also doing well under the management of Mr. John Higginson, who, however, complains of the scarcity of labour. It is still a natural cause of surprise that this great source of wealth is not utilized to a larger extent by Canadian capitalists and manufacturers. As yet only a few spots have been tapped here and there, though the range of production is practically exhaustless. A year or so ago it was expected that a new era of development was about to begin, and doubtless there has been considerable improvement since then. But the progress is fitful and the results attained but a tithe of what they ought to be. As a fertilizer our Canadian phosphate has no superior. Even the raw phosphate has been used for that purpose. A mass of valuable information on the Canadian deposits, the Superphosphate Works at Smith's Falls and the market both for the raw material and the fertilizer may be consulted in the instructive Report of the Ontario Mineral Commission, a brief summary of which appeared not long since in our columns. The phosphate used in the Works is obtained from Buckingham and Burgess. The demand for Canadian phosphate has of late been increasing, both in England and in the United States. It is said that Canadian apatite forms one-twelfth of the whole quantity used in British manufactures. Last year 23,690 tons of phosphate were mined and shipped from Canada—from the Ottawa district 18,955, and from the Ontario district 4,735 tons. But for difficulties of transport on the *Lievre* and high ocean freights, the exports would, it is thought, have been larger.

It is very unfortunate that the treatment of the insane in this province should have been made in any sense a party question, or that it should have been complicated with religious considerations. The subject is one in which, from many points of view, the public is intensely interested. There is no family, however healthy its record, that can claim any lease of immunity from the scourge. A fever, an accidental lesion, persistent disregard of sanitary laws, intermarriage with a family in which the germs of mental disease may have lain dormant for generations—these and other causes may produce a break in the sanest record. Who has not known instances of the most vigorous intellects gradually decaying till those who seemed the least likely to fall victims to the dire malady have become mere wrecks and shadows of their former selves? And statistics show that such cases are increasing. Our mode of living, so eager, so restless, magnifies the risks, especially where there is the slightest predisposition to derangement. It is of the utmost importance that all the resources of science should be placed at the disposal of the growing multitude of sufferers. To this end, the first essential is the recognition of a clear distinction between those who, in the nature of things, are incurable, who have been imbecile from their birth, and those who have been stricken with insanity after a larger or shorter career of mental soundness. The former class has been the subject of some interesting studies and experiments to ascertain to what extent the congenitally weak may be improved. Examples have been cited of the surprising re-

sults of wise training, where, by the old *laissez-faire* system, it might seem absurd to hope for any change. In the treatment of lunatics, who should be in a separate establishment from the idiots, classification, according to the different mental states of the patients, is primarily necessary. The methods of scientific alienists in our day are separated by a great gulf from the usage of the old asylums. But to give science fair scope the farming-out plan must be done away with. If contracts interfere with its entire abolition at once, their operation should be accompanied with the strictest supervision till that consummation is reached. Enlightened opinion, the cause of humanity, and the public weal, demand a thorough reform, and to that demand there are no interests of sufficient moment to justify their being preferred.

In a recent illustration of American college life, a thin, delicate-visaged, studious-looking young man is contrasted with a hulking giant, with cropped head, pointed protruding ears, prominent jaw-bones and exceptionally developed muscular system—the prize-fighter type, in fact. The small spectacled figure is supposed to represent the undergraduate in the first year of college experience; the huge, brutal-looking savage, in whose face there is not a gleam of intellectual aspiration, is meant to show the result of a few years' training at one of the faster sporting colleges. The portraiture is, of course, an exaggeration of the reality. The nude, bemedalled athlete, with his narrow forehead, whose physique has profited by the neglect of his mind, could never have been evolved from the little broad-browed man, with whom he is contrasted. There is, however, a share of truth in the caricature. Physical training is undoubtedly a good thing, and many a college student has had occasion bitterly to rue the prizes won by over-devotion to his books and oblivion of the bodily frame. For it is undoubtedly on the good condition of the body that permanent mental efficiency depends. Far too long both in philosophy and religion mind and body were divorced. Seneca and St. Paul were quoted to justify the contempt of the one and the exaltation of the other. But the later—which is also the earlier—doctrine gives the body due thought and makes the perfection of human development consist of health of body no less than soundness of mind. It was a happy revolution in education which restored the balance between physical and mental culture. But now, it seems, there is danger of the golden mean being forgotten to the serious injury of the young men of our time. Possibly, the one-sidedness complained of is but the normal reaction from that excess of mental culture, with insufficient exercise, which left the body flaccid, while the mind was over-laden. If so, the inequality will gradually right itself under the influence of public opinion, and a lasting equilibrium of aim and result will take its place in our seats of learning.

The wheat-fields that may be seen in the new settlements around Lake St. John (an example of which, photographed near St. Felicien, last fall, was lately shown in this journal), recalls an almost forgotten stage in the agricultural development of the older portions of this province. In the early years of the colony the pioneers considered themselves fortunate if they were permitted to raise enough of the food grains to serve their own uses. But, before the close of the 17th century, the government had tried to stimulate farming on a larger scale. The task was not easy. The agricultural methods in vogue were not such as would satisfy an enthusiastic reformer. The *habitants* trusted too much to the bounty of the soil, and the mode of tillage was too often slovenly. In an official document of the year 1682 the Government at home is regretfully informed that the efforts to improve and extend agriculture in the province had proved fruitless, and that it was vain to expect more crops than would barely satisfy the needs of the population. Another communication said that if, in Europe, the soil was not turned to better account than it was in

Canada, the people would starve. The young men, moreover, were too fond of taking to the woods and becoming bush-rangers. Proprietors of farms, having no granaries to store their crops in, were mostly eager to dispose of them in the fall for whatever they would bring.

But, notwithstanding these moral drawbacks, successive governors and intendants kept urging the expediency of developing the resources of the soil to better advantage, and at last they succeeded so far as to produce a surplus for export instead of the former hand-to-mouth system. Of all the intendants, M. Hocquart was the most persevering in his endeavours to inspire the people with this laudable ambition. He did not rest satisfied with words, but gave the example himself. He set up a sort of semi-private, semi-public experimental farm in which he raised all sorts of grains and vegetables grown in the country. He was the first, moreover, who sent to Europe a classified assortment of Canadian products, which was placed on exhibition at Rochefort in the year 1739. It was under his administration that the cultivation and export of wheat first attained a figure of any importance. For more than a hundred years after M. Hocquart's time this province raised wheat in considerable quantities. Before the Rebellion more wheat was raised than twenty years later, and since 1856 there has been a steady decline—the area of production moving westward. It is noteworthy that even sixty years ago the value of the Lake St. John region as a wheat-growing country had already been recognized. In 1855 some of the new parishes were invaded by the rust (*uredo rubigo*), which, with the midge, the Hessian fly, and other insect foes, had caused such ravages to the Canadian wheat crops for a number of years. For the last thirty years, however, the crops in Chicoutimi have shown an annual increase. In 1861 the wheat raised amounted to 10,912 bushels; in 1871 this had increased to 136,249, which, in 1881, had grown to 153,929 bushels. In his work on the Saguenay and the Valley of Lake St. John, Mr. Arthur Buies compares the wheat-growing capacity of the soil around the Lake with that of the most productive districts in Ontario, and gives the preference to the former. Sir William Logan also highly commended it, both for richness and depth. The quality of the wheat is excellent; the extent of the wheat-growing land is extremely large, and there is reason to believe that the district will prove one of the most thriving wheat-producing areas in Eastern Canada.

QUEBEC FORESTRY CONVENTION.

The Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière, who has already done so much to keep alive an interest in the conservation and renewal of our forests, has appealed to his compatriots, through the *Chronicle*, of Quebec, on behalf of the approaching meeting in that city of the American Forestry Association. It is just eight years this summer since the Forestry Convention was held in Montreal. Some of our readers will doubtless recall the series of addresses and discussions which formed the main feature of the proceedings on that occasion. Almost every State and Territory in the United States and every province in Canada sent representatives. Statesmen, men of science, lumbermen, architects, sanitarians, economists, botanists, entomologists, civil engineers, railway men—experts, officials, business men—all who, directly or indirectly, were concerned in the well-being and permanence of what is admittedly one of the greatest sources of wealth on this continent, were present in person or by deputation at the meetings. It would be futile to ignore the existence of another element which, if not represented at the Convention, had its share in the criticism to which it gave rise—the element of distrust. This feeling undoubtedly existed to some extent among a class of persons very largely concerned in the movement and its objects—we mean the lumbermen. Mr. Joly refers to the sentiment that then animated and still, it

seems, animates that influential class of business men, in terms of honest conciliation: "It might be wise," he writes, "to remind the gentlemen connected with the lumber trade who instinctively mistrust us, that the aim of the friends of forestry is not such blind protection of the forest as to let it decay by closing it against the lumbermen. Quite the reverse: we aim at securing for them a continual supply of timber and for the country a continual and ever increasing source of revenue."

These words will, we trust, calm any apprehensions which less guarded language may have had the effect of exciting in the minds of those gentlemen. Possibly, on the former occasion to which we have referred, there was a note of exaggeration in the warnings and of implied hostility to the trade which can only flourish while the axe does its work. But it would certainly be unfair to charge all who gave their countenance to the task of the Convention—a work of foresight and precaution—with any desire to indulge in sweeping condemnations of those who did not accept all their conclusions. That there was justification for the protective movement initiated some ten years ago in the United States and which took organized form in the year preceding that of the Montreal meeting few will deny. That the forests in many parts of the continent had been ruthlessly exterminated, with scarcely a thought as to renewal cannot be gainsaid. And it was equally evident that if the same process were continued without abatement, the end would be the complete denudation of the land surface over vast areas of North America. Whether all the calculations on which the predictions—some of them very confident—were based were entirely correct is of comparatively little consequence. Men of science, who had spent their lives in the study of nature, attributed very grievous results to the removal of the forests from the higher grounds—floods and drought, in turn—not to speak of the manifold inconveniences due to the dearth of timber where it once abounded, and might still abound, had wise and timely precautions been taken. All this has been gone over again and again, for, so wide-spread did the agitation become that, for a time, forestry became a veritable plague in the magazines and newspapers.

In the United Kingdom, the landlords who wished to keep up their parks and happy hunting-grounds were, of course, delighted at this scientific commendation of their practice—heretofore not deemed especially public-spirited. Seeing which, some British scientists of the radical persuasion began to doubt whether forests were always so useful to mankind, and even the rainfall argument had to be reconsidered. But this illogical diversion of the movement from its natural course was only local and temporary, and to-day there is virtually no difference of opinion as to the folly of complete denudation, whether in the Old World or the New. In Canada the forestry agitation has not been wholly fruitless. The Government of Ontario has taken the lead in devising remedies for the mistakes of the past. Its forest commissioner, Mr. R. W. Phipps, undertook a thorough examination of the land still afforested in that province as well as of the denuded land susceptible of re-afforestation. Mr. A. T. Drummond, of this city, has also given much attention to the subject, as has also Dr. Bell, Mr. Small, and other writers, who have made it a special study. Mr. Saunders, of the Dominion Central Farm, has made a number of experiments which may be expected to prove beneficial, and, in connection with his labours, may be mentioned the planting of clumps of young selected trees in the Western prairie country, some instances of which we have already described. The institution of Arbor Day, though it has not done all that it was expected to accomplish, is still, in a twofold sense, a protest for old as well as young, the significance of which is not likely to be forgotten. But of all those who have actively concerned themselves with the movement, there is none who deserves the thanks of the country more justly than the Hon. Mr. Joly. Both by experiment and by his pen he has helped on the cause. We accept his judgment that the time

has come for another forestry convention in this province. The season is well chosen—from the 2nd to the 5th of September, inclusive. As the secretary of the Association points out, Quebec is always worth seeing, and for those who are not so happy as to dwell there, the trip is sure to be a pleasant and instructive one. A reception committee will see that due courtesies are paid to strangers, and the railroad companies will as usual be generous. Those who wish to read papers or who desire to know what the programme is likely to be, can obtain all the information they require from Dr. H. M. Fisher, 919 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.

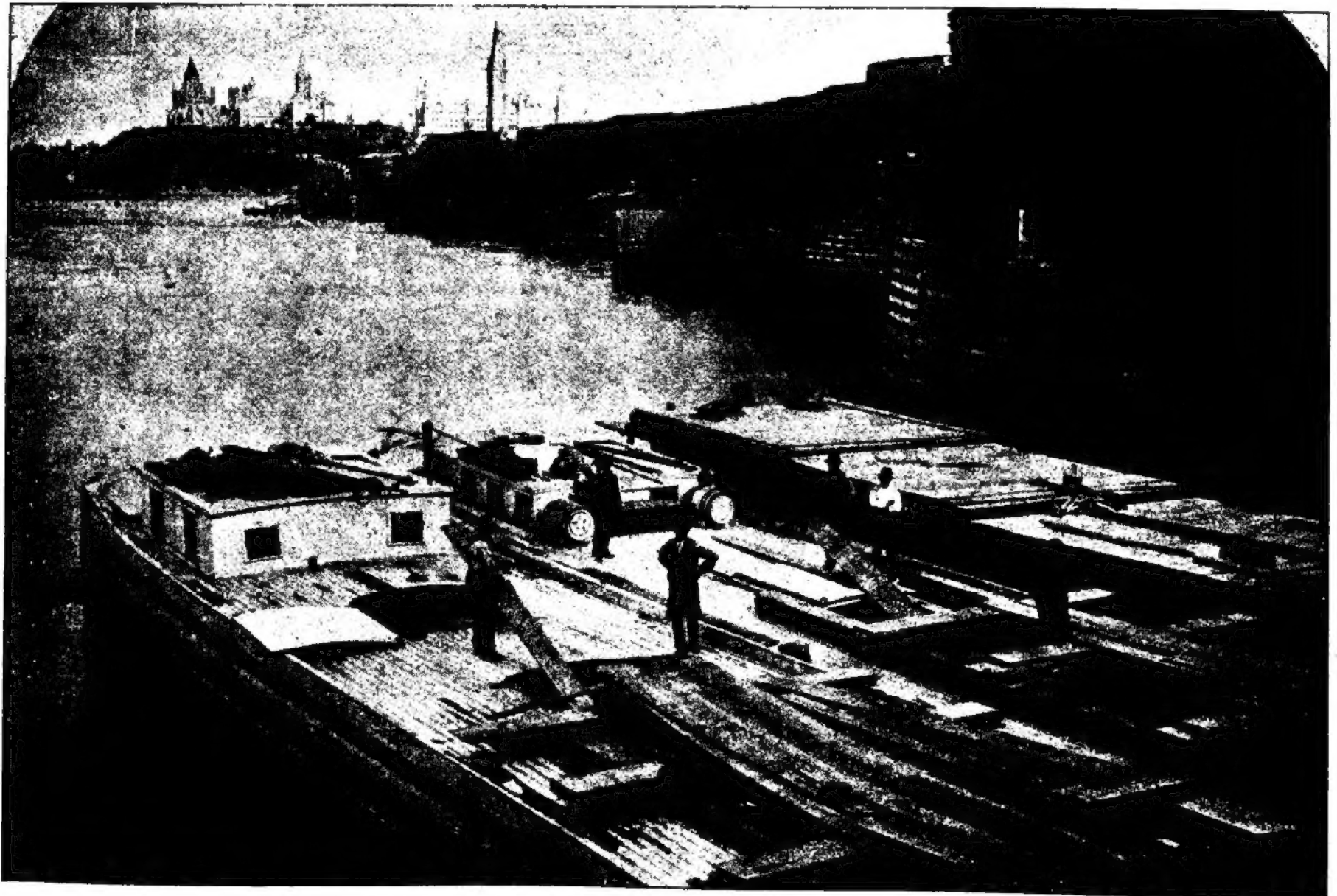
In our issue of June 28 we had the pleasure of announcing that the contracts had been completed for the construction of the railway from Calgary to Edmonton, and from the same centre to McLeod. It may be recalled that, in addition to a land grant of 6,400 acres a mile, the Government made a money grant of \$80,000 a year, to be paid in transport out of the cash subsidy, in the carriage of mails, Indians, Mounted Police, and other supplies—the Government retaining as security one-third of the land grant. Mr. James Ross, who undertook the work, succeeded in placing the bonds of the company and completed all preliminary arrangements with the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which is to operate the new road for six years. It was decided to begin the work of construction with the least possible delay, and the 21st of July was fixed for the ceremony of turning the first sod on the line from Edmonton to Calgary. The event was appropriately made the occasion of a public holiday—the laying of the corner-stone of the pumping station of the Calgary waterworks combining with the inauguration of work on the road to constitute an unusual and significant attraction for the people of Alberta. Calgary was in gala costume, the leading streets and public buildings being gay with decorations, while flags floating in the breeze testified to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the townspeople. The visitors were from a wide range of territory—Edmonton, McLeod, Banff and Medicine Hat being represented, as well as considerable portions of the intervening districts. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney took the principal part in the ceremony, to that gentleman, as Minister of the Interior, being committed the task of turning the first sod in the new line. Mayor Lafferty presented addresses both to Mr. Dewdney and to the president and directors of the road, and the replies manifested the utmost confidence in the future of Alberta. Besides the Minister of the Interior, Mr. James Ross and Mr. Nicoll Kingsmill, who spoke officially, the Rev. Leonard Gaetz, of Red Deer, whom some of our Montreal readers have not forgotten; Mr. D. W. Davis, M.P., Mr. Smith, of Edmonton, Dr. Brett, of Banff, Mr. Tweed, M.L.A., of Medicine Hat, Mr. Superintendent Niblock, and Major James Walker, one of Calgary's earliest pioneers, gave interesting and cheering addresses. We devote a considerable share of our pictorial pages in this issue to the illustration of the scenes connected with this important event. Our readers who have already been made acquainted with the history, progress and aspirations, natural charms and central advantages of Calgary will, we hope, appreciate this fresh instance of its enterprise and prosperity. The entire celebration was full of promise, and that promise will turn into fulfilment no person who has studied the site of Calgary and the character of the region of which it is the metropolis can entertain any doubt.

A Compliment to Canada.

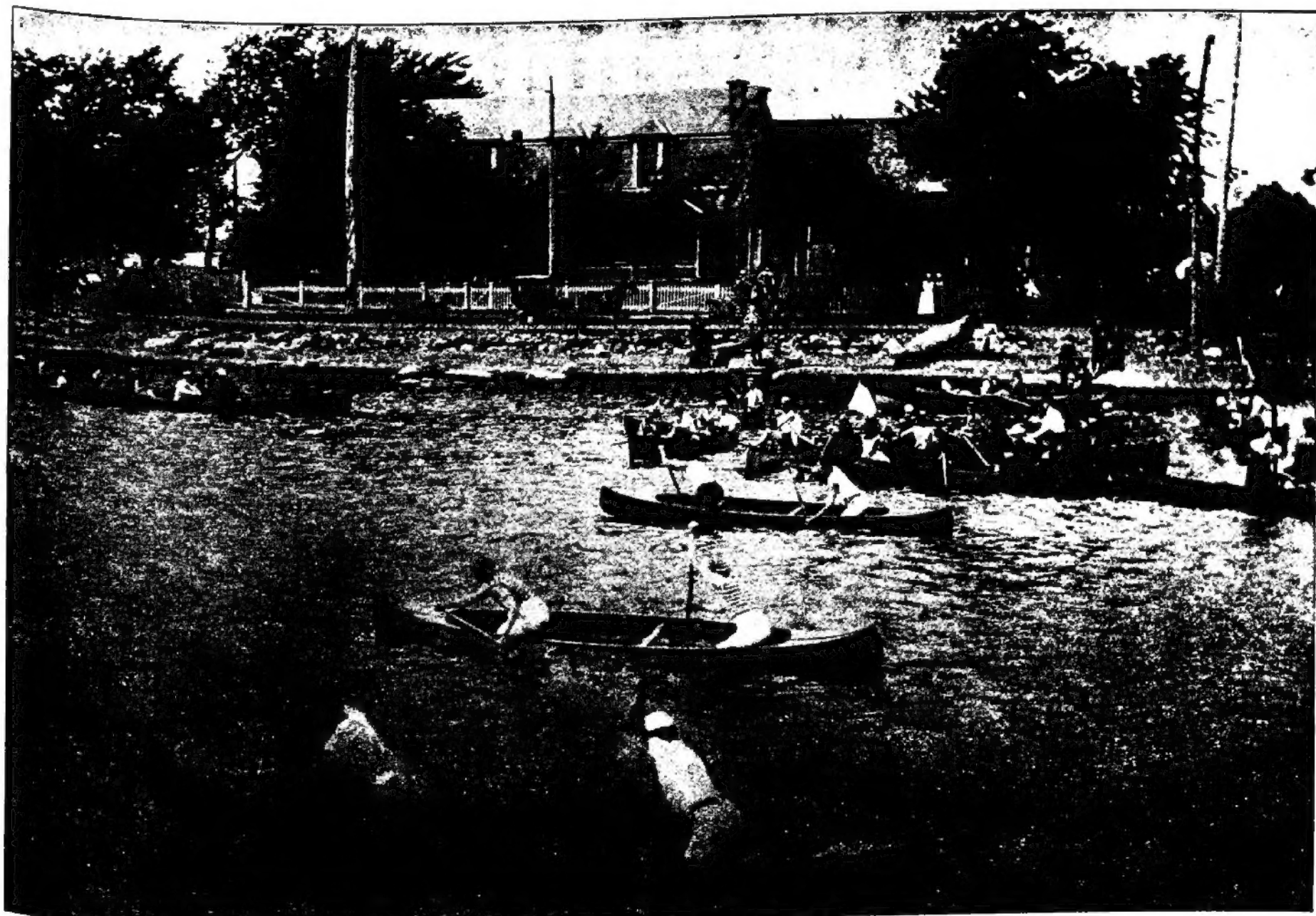
The national song, "My Own Canadian Home," music composed by Morley McLaughlin and words by E. G. Nelson, of St. John, N.B., has been chosen by the military to be sung at the great meeting of riflemen on Surrey Common, England, the accompaniment to be played by the Band of the London Scottish Regiment.



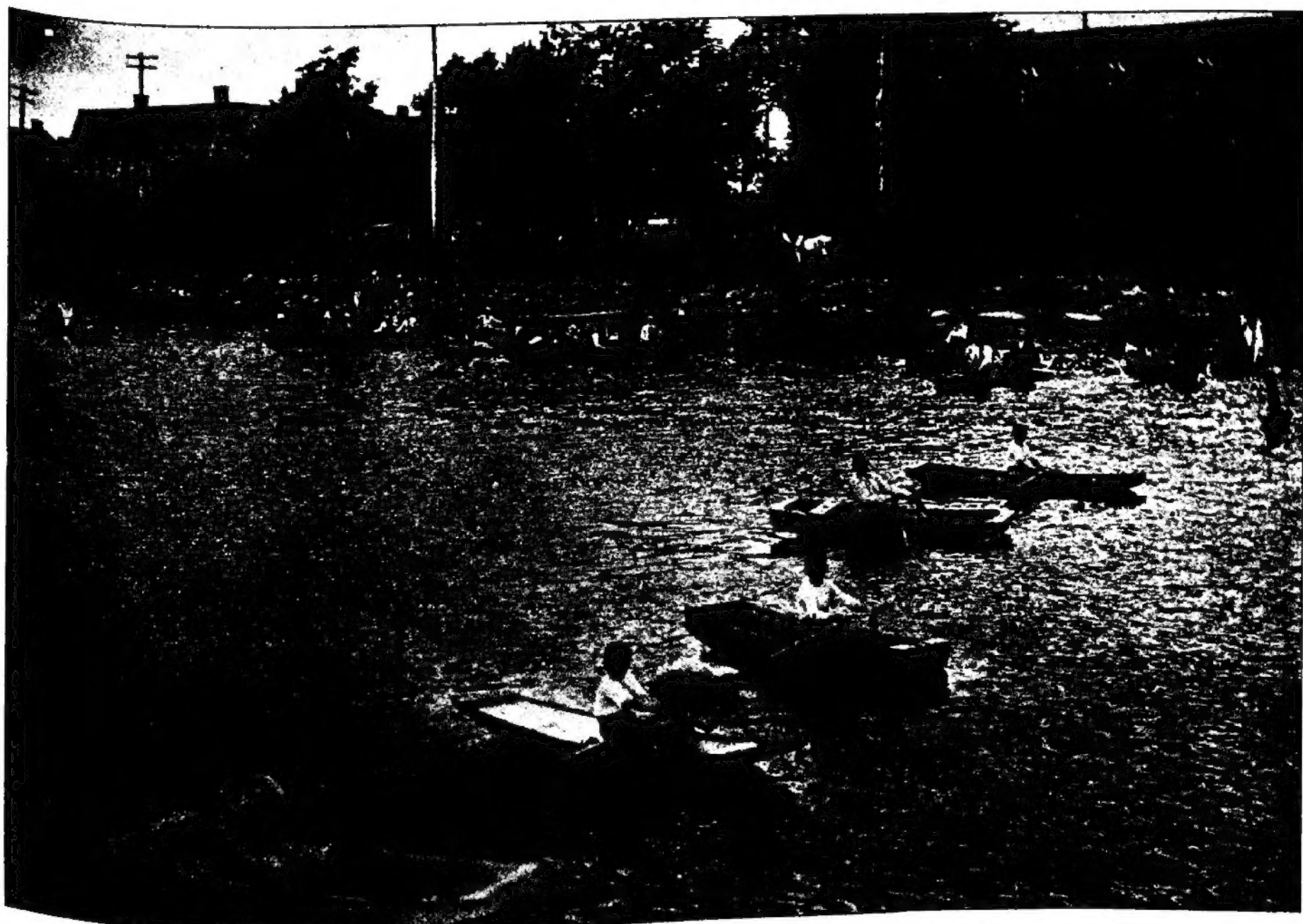
J. R. BOOTH'S LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.



LOADING BARGES FROM J. R. BOOTH'S LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.



LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB REGATTA: TANDEM GREEN RACE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB REGATTA: BOYS' PUNT RACE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



CALGARY VIEWS.—INAUGURATION OF THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.—Our readers will find in this issue a series of engravings of scenes connected with the initiation of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. A short time ago we gave some particulars about the line, the contracts for which were completed in the latter part of June. Not a moment was lost in getting to work, and on the 21st ult., with much rejoicing on the part of the townspeople and their neighbours for many miles around, the first sod was turned by the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior. The occasion was very properly made a general holiday—the laying of the corner-stone of the Waterworks pumping station combining with the inauguration of the road to make the day forever memorable in Calgary's annals. Most of these views interpret themselves. The more important are fully explained in the letter-press that follows. The decorations showed enthusiasm and taste. Those of Messrs. G. C. King & Co.'s store were much admired. The handsome spruce trees ranged along Stephen Avenue and taking in the Post Office—with the mottoes: "Success to the Calgary and Edmonton Railway," "Calgary welcomes Hon. E. Dewdney, Calgary's friend," etc.—are shown in one of our engravings. Messrs. Parrish, Seabury, and others, had shown considerable ingenuity and taste in doing honour to the occasion. The national flag was conspicuous everywhere. Those of the King building and of the Fire Hall attracted much attention. The concert at the Opera House gave general satisfaction. Our readers have already made the acquaintance of the Fire Brigade's Band, in whose aid the concert, to which it contributed not a little, was given. Many of the notables of the place were present, including the railway officials and their wives and daughters. The dance was also well attended, and was kept up till the small hours.

CALGARY VIEWS.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PUMPING STATION OF THE NEW WATERWORKS.—The ceremonies at this event were Masonic—the officers and brethren of Bow River Lodge A.F. & A.M., with Right Worshipful Brother Campbell, of McLeod, as Acting Grand Master, forming a grand lodge for the purpose. The other Masons associated with R.W. Brother Campbell were R.W. Brothers Rowe, acting deputy; Lindsay, grand senior warden; Murdoch, grand junior warden; Bowen, treasurer; Bernard, secretary; Rev. A. Cooper, chaplain; E. N. Brown, pursuivant; Worthy Brothers La Penotière and Allan, deacons; Ellis and Bland, stewards; J. H. Grierson, director of ceremonies; Child, grand principal architect, and Lineham, senior master mason. A procession of Grand Lodge and Master Masons, being formed, marched from the hall up Stephen Avenue and north to the site of the pumping station, on Reinach Avenue. The procession was in the following order:—The Grand Director of Ceremonies; the Tyler with drawn sword; Master Masons of Lodges under the banner of Bow River Lodge No. 28 and visiting Brethren; the Fire Brigade Band; Acting Grand Secretary and Treasurer; Bible, Square and Compass borne by the Senior Master Mason; representative of the Grand Chaplain; Masters and Wardens; Past Masters; Junior Grand Warden carrying a Silver Goblet with oil; Senior Grand Warden carrying the Silver Goblet with wine; Deputy Grand Master carrying a Silver Goblet with corn; Past Master carrying the Book of Constitutions; Architect with Square, Level and Plumb; Grand Pursuivant; Grand Master. Among the concourse of citizens and visitors present were Mayor Lafferty, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Senator Loughheed, Mr. George Alexander, Col. Irvine, Rev. Mr. Leach, Councillor Reilly, ex-Mayor Marsh, Mr. T. C. West, Mr. G. R. Rogers, and other persons of note. Mr. Alexander, as president of the Water Works Company, then presented the Minister of the Interior with an address, in which the importance of the Works being inaugurated—the first of the kind between Winnipeg and the Pacific—was emphasized, and complimentary reference made to the interest which Mr. Dewdney had always taken in Calgary as in the whole North-West. The Masons then, having deposited in the stone a copy of the annual communication of Manitoba Grand Lodge for 1889, a copy of the Winnipeg *Free Press* of June 12th, 1890, containing the first day's proceedings of the Grand Lodge session of this year, copies of the Calgary papers and a memorial card of the turning of the C. & E. railway, Mr. Dewdney took the trowel and applied the mortar and the stone was dropped into its proper place. The usual masonic ceremonies for the occasion having been concluded, Mr. Dewdney delivered a brief but suitable speech, which was enthusiastically applauded. The gathering then dispersed, the masons returning to their hall in the same order in which they had marched to the site of the station.

CALGARY VIEWS.—TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.—The laying of the corner-stone of the pumping station of the Calgary Water Works had, with its masonic ceremonies, given an impulse to the enthusiasm of the townspeople and their many guests from near and far. The next great event in the programme was the turning of the first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. The proceedings began by the mayor read-

ing an address to the Hon. E. Dewdney, to whom, in conjunction with Sir John Macdonald, it was mainly due that the road was made practicable. The Government were heartily thanked for having made the aid so liberal that its construction could be immediately begun. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney made a suitable reply, giving the credit to Sir John Macdonald. He dwelt on the advantages that the road would bring, not only to Calgary and the North-West, but the whole Dominion would be especially instrumental in building up the industries and trade of Alberta. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney concluded by commending the ability and public spirit of the gentlemen who had undertaken the construction of the line. An address was next read to the president and directors of the company, to which Mr. James Ross replied. He pointed out the difficulties in the way of the project, with so many other claims on the Government from all parts of the Dominion. They had triumphed, however, and Alberta was entering on a new era. His success in England he attributed to the aid, sympathy and counsel that he had received from Mr. Dewdney. He was greatly pleased with Calgary's progress, which, he hoped, would be increased sevenfold in the next few years. Mr. Nicoll Kingsmill gave a vivid outline of the history of the project. It was only on the 24th of April, 1890, that the Governor-General gave the royal assent to the Calgary and Edmonton bill. Within two hours after the company met and money was put up, and within two weeks Mr. Ross was on his way to England. In a month from that time the bonds were floated and Mr. Ross was back in Canada. Mr. Kingsmill assured his hearers that the line would be built with corresponding expedition. He gave much credit to Mr. Davis, M.P., Alberta, to Mr. A. W. Ross, M.P. (Lisgar), for the great interest they had taken in the road. With a tribute of thanks to the Government, and congratulations to his hearers, he brought his stirring speech to a close. The moment had now arrived for the significant ceremony which was to mark the beginning of a new era of prosperity for northern Alberta. A path was made for the Hon. Mr. Dewdney through the crowd to a spot marked by a flag. The plank way was all prepared, the spade and wheel-barrow were placed in position, and Mr. Dewdney, putting some spadefulls of earth in the barrow, wheeled it to the indicated point, where he dumped it amid much cheering. The multitude of spectators showed their interest and satisfaction in various ways, and a more animated, hopeful gathering could not be brought together. Our engraving shows the critical moment when the Hon. the Minister of the Interior is about to discharge his exemplary task, thus setting in motion a work that is fraught with far-reaching importance. It is expected that before the end of the year the line will be completed to Red Deer, and the more sanguine expect that in the fall of 1891 the crops of the Edmonton district will be carried by rail.

CALGARY VIEWS.—ROASTING THE OX.—The arrangements for feeding the multitude on the 21st ult., when the turning of the first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton line brought strangers from far and near to Alberta's capital, were most elaborate. Messrs. Hull Brothers had generously furnished an ox (a gift which they subsequently duplicated), and, after gracing the procession (duly decorated, after the traditional barbecue fashion), it was carved and partaken of by some 1,500 convives. Long counters had been erected, at which all sorts of refreshments were freely dispensed—cakes and ale, ice-cream, lemonade, etc. A more *recherché* banquet was reserved for the distinguished guests, which comprised champagne and all the choicer fruits, claret, coffee, etc. The great tent was filled with ladies and gentlemen thoroughly enjoying themselves. It was not till 5 p.m. that the sound of the bugle reminded the throng of banqueters that the feast of reason was not yet concluded. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was at first proposed to postpone the remaining speeches till all who honoured the day should meet in the Opera House in the evening, but this plan not being received with favour, the Mayor said that the speeches would be delivered at once. The Rev. Leonard Gaetz, formerly of Montreal, now of Red Deer, Alberta, Mr. D. W. Davis, M.P., Mr. Smith, of Edmonton, Dr. Brett, of Banff, Mr. Tweed, M.L.A., of Medicine Hat, Superintendent John Niblock and Major James Walker, one of the oldest of Calgary's old-timers, then addressed the people, briefly but hopefully and to the point, leaving excellent impressions of what the road would effect for Alberta.

OUT-DOOR LIFE IN ALBERTA.—This engraving is a sequel to the series of views illustrative of open-air life in the ranching country, which we published on the 28th of June last. Like the others of the series, it demands no further explanation than the mention of its whereabouts. Prof. Fream, in his oft-quoted treatise on agriculture in Canada, says that the prairie, whether flat or rolling, is less uninteresting than might be imagined; that its healthiness as a place of abode is beyond doubt, that the children who grow up there are the hardiest of young people, pleasant to look at and frank and winsome in their manners. No one has written with more enthusiasm on this subject than the Marquis of Lorne, who seems to think that the out-door life of Western Canada is, for the lover of nature, the sportsman, the artist or the seeker of health, the next thing to the existence of the millennium. We have already given long quotations from his description of the prairie. "What a variety!" he exclaims, referring to the bird-life. "The most common are blue-wing, teal, shoveller, dusky duck and mallard. Certainly there is no easier way of having wild fowl shooting than by a visit to

the North-West." Of the scenery and atmosphere he writes: "You gaze and the intense clearness of the air is such that you think you have never seen so distinctly or so far over such wide horizons before. Plateaux, hollows, ridges and plains lie beneath you, on and on, and there is nothing to keep the eye and mind from the sense of an indefinite vastness." But the scene changes before the tourist has penetrated far into Alberta, and as he advances he gradually escapes from the monotony of the prairie, and, at sight of the mountains, finds a new life thrill through his veins. The out-door life in such a country must be simply glorious.

LUMBER SCENES.—In this week's issue we present our readers with two further scenes illustrative of lumbering on the Ottawa. One of them shows Mr. J. R. Booth's lumber yard, Ottawa; the other, shows the lumber in process of being shipped. These scenes are in continuation of the series on the same subject which were published in this journal some time ago.

LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB ANNUAL REGATTA.—Our readers who love aquatic amusements will enjoy the series of engravings of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club regatta, which took place on the 19th ult. The arrangements, which had been carefully made, were admirably carried out, and, though the weather (as far in the first place as King Aeolus, and later, Jupiter Pluvius, were concerned in it) was not altogether what all those entered for the races would have desired, the regatta was very far indeed from being unsuccessful. For some of the events the wind was just suited, and on the whole, barring the dispersing down-pour at the close, there might have been more reason to complain. Our engravings show the Lachine Boat House (a familiar sight to some of our readers), the boys' punt race and the tandem green race.

POINTE CLAIRE REGATTA.—In this issue will be found some striking illustrations of the Pointe Claire regatta, which took place on Saturday, the 2nd inst. Nothing was wanting to make the occasion enjoyable. The weather, though excessively sultry in the city, was delightful on the lake. The village of Pointe Claire, always attractive in summer, was in its gayest gala costume. The gathered throng was of ample variety. A good many were present from the city. Ladies were in force, adding, by their beauty and spirits, to the glory of the scene. Our engravings show the special race for sailing skiffs and canoes; the single scull race (start); the boy's double scull race (finish); and the boat-house and grand stand. The boat-house, if not technically faultless, is acknowledged to be a fine structure of its kind, the interior arrangements being very convenient and the spacious piazzas forming an admirable point of view. The scene here depicted was full of life, colour and manifold charms.

BAND OF THE 13TH REGIMENT, HAMILTON.—This engraving gives the *personnel* of one of the finest, if not the finest, of our Canadian military bands. Before critical audiences in the States as well as in Canada, the band of the 13th has been recognized to be of a completeness and efficiency unsurpassed on the continent. Illustrations of the officers of the regiment have already appeared in our columns.

HARVEST SCENE NEAR ST. JEROME.—This engraving is a characteristic illustration of the agricultural capabilities of our great North, of which St. Jerome is the gateway. For hundreds of miles through the back country, in rear of this thriving industrial town, there is farming land that is not surpassed in the Dominion. Apart from its economic suggestiveness, the picture is, as the title indicates, a very pretty harvest scene.

How M. Got Saved His Life.

M. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, has given to the public some interesting and amusing anecdotes of his life as an actor. In 1894 he will have completed his fifty years of service in the House of Molière. At the expiration of that period he intends to leave the stage altogether and pass the remainder of his days in the quiet village of Boulaivilliers, where he has lived for a considerable time. M. Got has all the appearance of a rural curé—white hair and a clean-shaven face. This ecclesiastical aspect nearly cost him his life once. It was during the Commune. He was living in London, whither the members of the Comédie Française had fled for safety, but found it necessary to go to Paris for a day or two to arrange some private affairs. This done, he was about to leave the French capital again, when he fell into the hands of the Communists. "Who are you?" they demanded. "I am Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, and I am going to London." "You Got? Go along with you! We know you very well. You are the curé of Sainte Marie of Batignolles." Got denied the impeachment energetically, and pointed out that he had no tonsure, but all to no purpose. He was marched off with others to a cellar to await the decision of a court-martial. In the evening an officer and several soldiers took him out of this pestilential den, and told him, "Since you are a strolling player you can amuse us a little. Give us a recitation!" Got did his very best, and so pleased his captors that the officer said, "Ah, you may be Got after all! You can make off as soon as you like." Got took the hint, and managed to get back to London. The officer in command of the soldiers was an Italian, and M. Got attributes his deliverance partly to the fact that he was able to converse with him in his own language.



For two weeks a pretty little i-land in the Lake of Two Mountains has been the scene of unwonted mirth, and where before reigned silence, broken only at intervals by the steaming leviathan of commerce, now arose a sleepy murmur of voices. What before was undulating emerald, relieved by the darker green of the trees and undergrowth, was now dotted with sparks of glistening white in every design known to the tentman, while the more gorgeous patterns in stripes looked like gigantic blazes dropped into a colony of white flannelists. The monotonous lowing of the kine was heard no more; it had given place to the sounds of merriment and the rollicking camp song. For had not the northern division of the American Canoe Association settled on Ile Cadieux as their home for their annual meet?

There is something primitive and poetical about the canoe, and canoeing is one of the few pastimes which has not yet degenerated like many of its fellows. A writer some time ago put it aptly when he said: "All gentlemen are not canoeists, but all canoeists are gentlemen." It is, perhaps, due to this fact more than to any other that a canoe camp is invariably a delightful place, where all meet on terms of equality; and, although the majority of campers may never have met before, there is very little formality, and before the sun sets on the first day that tents were pitched everybody is on terms of jolly good-fellowship with everybody else, and the friendship formed often lasts a life time.

Of course, the primary object in the formation of the A.C.A. was the advancement of canoeing, and perhaps the best way to bring that about was the course pursued in organizing camps. These meetings have invariably been successful, and the Northern Division has been in no way behind the rest. Hitherto this division's meets have always been held in the West, and it was only when a few enthusiastic spirits, who saw what a favourite pastime canoeing was along our lake front, put their heads together and formed the Montreal Canoe Club, that there was an opening for us in the east. There was considerable opposition at first, but the commodore of the M.C.C. and other gentlemen equally sanguine eventually overcame all the difficulties; their efforts were crowned with success; Ile Cadieux was fixed upon, and two weeks ago yesterday the camp was opened.

Of course it was a new institution in this vicinity, and a great many canoeists who knew not the pleasure of the annual camp took comparatively little interest in it. A pleasing feature, however, was the large number of canoeists from Ontario—Galt, Toronto, Ottawa, Lindsay and other places being well represented. Pointe Claire, too, sent up a good contingent, but it was surprising that with such a large membership the premier canoe club in this vicinity (the Lake St. Louis) should not have taken more interest in the meet. It is true that everybody cannot take two weeks' holidays at one particular time, and that may account in a great measure for the paucity of Lachine's delegation. Valois, too, might have spared a few more of its summer residents, and few better canoeists can be found anywhere than in that charming little village. The only thing to be sorry for is for the gentlemen themselves who did not go into camp. They missed two weeks of thorough enjoyment, and when next the Northern Division holds a meet near Montreal they will think better of it and be among the first to pitch their tents.

The camper-out could not have all his own way at Ile Cadieux. True, he might be pastoral or piscatorial, or natatorial, or just as lazy as he pleased, but he could not be dyspeptic. He could no more keep away the pangs of hunger than he could avoid putting on a healthy coat of tan, and he could not help wondering why six meals were not served out in the caterer's tent instead of three per diem. Fellows who at home would growl at their *pâté de foie gras* or swear their green turtle was made out of calf's head and gelatine would devour with avidity everything from fresh caught black bass and sucking pig down to cold corned beef—in no uncertain quantities, either—and then wonder why there was not more. Old Aolus, too, seemed to be displeased at so much human happiness being crowded into one small island, and he did his best to spoil it. He made five or six fierce assaults upon the citadel, and with the assistance of Vulcan and Jove nearly razed it, but not quite. The ordinary routine of camp life was diversified by several pitched battles with the elements, and the latter retreated in good order.

There were several very ludicrous incidents connected with these skirmishes, and whether a man was planted on the top of his tent pole, like the deck hand who held down the safety valve on the Mississippi, or clung desperately to canvas or guy ropes, he rather enjoyed it—after it was all over. Then there was an involuntary parachute ascension, in which a somnolent barber took part, and a few little casualties, in the shape of running aground, helped to diversify the routine of camp life. The first week of the camp, as is usual, was devoted to "simply camping"; the second week was enlivened by the record races and other events. These were keenly contested, but the entry list was rather small, and the Western men captured about everything worth having. There was one occasion when things became very serious, and that was on Tuesday night, when some canoes were caught in the storm and capsized.

Fortunately, no one was drowned. On Thursday the general meeting was held, and yesterday the party broke camp, having experienced as jolly and as stormy a time as anybody could wish for. There were two gentlemen, however, whose outing was not much of a holiday; the whole burden fell on their shoulders and they bore it manfully. They were the commodore and purser.

The lacrosse struggle, from the actual number of games played, seems a moral certainty for the Cornwall club. Of course, even now, with the decided lead which that club has, it is quite within the possibilities that another set of players may carry off the championship. But there is one very unknown quantity to which it might be well to direct attention, and which seems to have been forgotten by a great many admirers of our national game, viz., the number of protested games that have to be taken into consideration. For all purposes, it is not necessary now to go into the merits of the case and say whether Mr. Leroux, the protested player, is a professional or not. That remains for the executive committee of the C.A.A.A. to decide, when that much-respected but very slow-going organization think it worth while to move in the matter. There is simply an injustice being done the Cornwall club; because, if the first protests had been pushed and the executive had attended to their business with anything like promptness, the matter would have been settled long ago. Suppose Leroux is declared a professional, then all the Cornwall matches will have to be played over again, and it is very doubtful if there would not be another match in the snow recorded, something that is entirely unnecessary under the league agreement. Why have not the Shamrock, Montreal and Toronto clubs pushed their protests? And if they have done so, why does not the C.A.A.A. attend to them? The formation of the Athletic Amateur Association of Canada was a good thing in its way, but during the last few years it seems to have grown about as unwieldy as the circumlocution office. It is all very well to say that gentlemen have not time to spare from their private business to attend to the interests of athletes. Then these gentlemen should never accept an office, and keep the whole athletic world of two provinces awaiting their pleasure.

There is another serious point to this question. If not exactly probable, it is well within the range of possibilities. Suppose the Cornwall club should refuse to play its matches over again. Suppose the members say they have been unjustly treated. It may be answered that Cornwall would then be out of the league; but the Factory Town team is too good a drawing card to do without. Then, again, all the Cornwall games have been played but one, so that Cornwall's financial loss by refusal would be comparatively trifling. It is not likely that such a course would be taken, but if it were so, considering the laxity of the other clubs and of the powers that be, there would certainly be some excuse for it.

The lacrosse match between the Montreal and Cornwall clubs was in many respects a disappointment. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the latter should win by four goals to one, but the class of play was much below the mark. What some of the Montreal club lacked in skill they endeavoured to make up for by rough work and fouling. The disposition of the men on the field, too, seemed to have been made with bad judgment, as in previous matches with practically the same men in different positions much more effective work has been done. There was another feature in this match of which the less said the better, except to condemn it. One player succeeded in disgracing his club, and an impetuous crowd of spectators helped him to disgrace the city. If this kind of work is to be continued much longer the sooner the national game is handed over to the keeping of professionals the better, for gentlemen cannot afford to have anything to do with it.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club met with no slight surprise when they visited the Capital. The Ottawas had by a great many been looked upon as not in the race with either Toronto or Cornwall, and that even for third place they would have a hard struggle; but, after one of the best fought matches of the season, they outstripped the fast-playing Torontos, thus throwing them back well into second place and making Cornwall's chance virtually a foregone conclusion. It was another proof of the uncertainties of lacrosse, and the impossibility of predicting results from what in other sports is denominated "form." But even with these facts staring one in the face, it is difficult to understand how a team which played so comparatively poor a game as the Cornwalls did on Saturday should have been able to defeat the Shamrocks. Perhaps it was the exigencies of the occasion that made the Cornwall men shine in a much brighter light when they played the Shamrocks. If the wearers of the green jersey come anywhere near playing such a game over again, especially with their old goal-tender, Reddy, back between the flags, there seems no valid reason why they should be defeated in a single match. The senior series will have a sort of holiday rest until the 23rd inst., and then the struggle will be renewed.

In the district championship series there seems nothing but one club—the Crescents. They are keeping up their record of last year and winning nearly everything in the slashing style of "three straight." It will be remembered, however, that last year they were defeated in one match by

one of the weakest clubs in the series; and it is to be hoped that the boys will not permit the flush of continuous victory to make them careless and meet with a like beating this season. On the former occasion there were some nasty rumours about a couple of players. It is very doubtful if there was any foundation for them, but a like defeat at this stage of the game would set them afloat again.

The interest taken in the doings of the junior league is unflagging, and the rising generation are playing such lacrosse that a few years ago would have been creditable to more pretentious clubs. Space just now does not permit of any lengthened notice of their doings, which are well worth chronicling and commenting on, but this journal in future will devote more attention to the young men on whom will fall the brunt of upholding the honour of the national game.

To-day (Saturday) the annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be held at Lachine. It is some years since this most important of Canadian aquatic events was held here, and we all remember how the representatives of Montreal covered themselves with glory. That was the year when the magnificent "big four" of the Lachine club won the senior fours. Then there was enthusiasm, and aquatics met with a fair share of attention; but as soon as a few of the leading spirits neglected to take an interest in the sport, it seemed practically to drop into oblivion. It is true that Montreal sent away a few contestants to the regattas, but it was only in a half-hearted way, and the prizes drawn were blanks. Even this year, when the regatta is held in Lachine, the fact of only a junior four being entered is not particularly creditable. Verily, there is need of a leading spirit at Lachine. The Grand Trunk Boating club has done somewhat better. The reason is simply a want of interest among the club members, and even those who have the courage and pertinacity to go through a hard season of training do not receive the encouragement they deserve. If the Lachine or Grand Trunk men should win, and it is to be hoped they will, then, of course, they will be the best fellows imaginable, and they will be cheered and huzzaed until throats are hoarse. They will receive any amount of encouragement after it is all over, but a little of this beforehand would do a great deal more good and give the boys some spirit in their work. A look at the list of entries from Toronto, for instance, ought to make our water men hang their heads. It is true that rowing water in Toronto is more convenient and the open season is somewhat longer, but the difference is not so great as the showing made by both cities. Let us hope for better things in the future.

Two years ago a very sensible movement was set on foot, and, although nothing came of it, it is never too late to mend, the present time being particularly opportune. It was suggested that a rowing association, to embrace the whole of Montreal island and the south shore, be organized. The object was to form an association something after the style of the Schuylkill navy, which would hold an annual regatta. Such an institution would be found to give an impetus to aquatics and tend, perhaps more than anything else, to make Montreal take the position in the sport which she should occupy than anything else. There is no reason why this should not be so. We have splendid rowing water all along the lake front, and from Victoria Bridge to Ste. Anne is crowded with young men all through the summer months who will give ground to nobody in the matter of athletics—good oarsmen and canoeists, too—and why should we be behind hand in aquatics? With the stimulus that the C.A.A.O. meeting should give to this branch of sport, we would suggest that someone take the initiative and request a meeting from the different clubs, looking towards the formation of such an association as referred to above. With a small subscription annually and a fair membership, which would no doubt be had, the greatest difficulty in the way, that of purchasing racing craft—would be soon overcome. The suggestion is, at least, worth considering.

R. O. X.

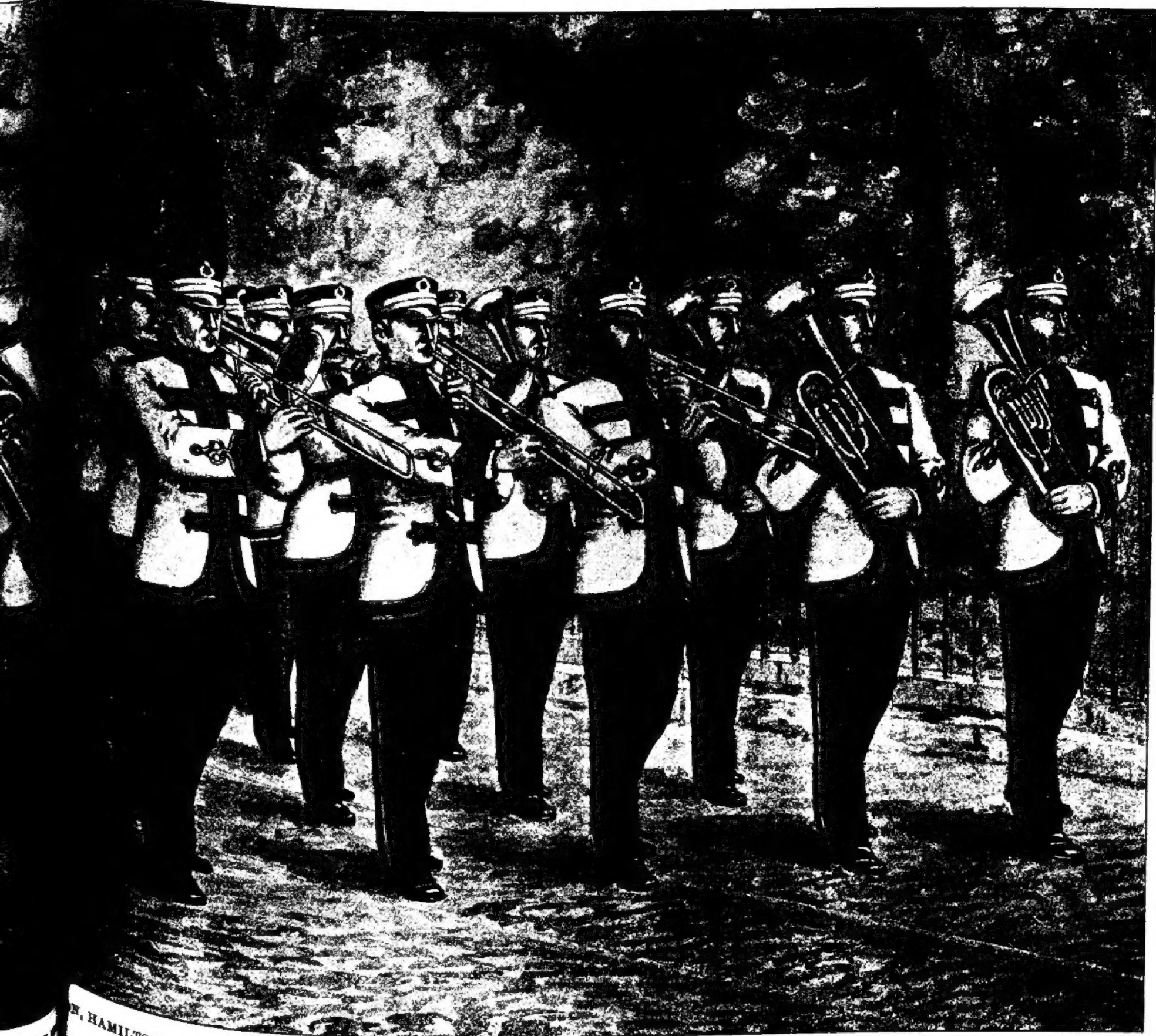
Killing an Albatross.

Colonel Nicholas Pike tells the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* an interesting story which illustrates the superstition of sailors regarding the killing of the albatross. "When I was en route to Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, as American Consul," he says, "the albatross and petrel were always around our vessel, the United States steamer Monocacy, and the sailors tried for a long time to get one of the former for me, but were unsuccessful. But at the last one was caught, and after great resistance was drawn on board, but not before his strength and skill were taxed to the uttermost. In about half an hour another one was taken, and we let them go about the deck together. They were fine birds, but looked very droll waddling along the deck together. I was instructed to procure one for the Long Island Historical Society, and was anxious to get it without injuring its plumage, and so gave one of these birds a dose of cyanide of potassium, and in a second he lay over on his side without a struggle. Following this incident we had continual squalls, when I found, to my utter astonishment, that to me was attributed a good deal of the contrariety of the elements. The sailors averred that it was all owing to my having killed the albatross. When the storm was at its height they entreated me not to kill any more of these birds, as they are considered to be the spirits of seamen lost in the ocean."



BAND OF THE

W. HAMILTON



OF THE
HAMILTON, ONT.

Old Jimmy's Quandary, and How He Settled It.

BY SARAH ANNE CURZON.

Mr. James Hazeldean, farmer, Fourth Concession of Maple, in the flourishing county of Queen, or "Old Jimmy," as he was popularly styled, sat thinking. Apparently his cogitations required great freedom, and to that end he had laid down his old straw-billy, the brim of which was on the point of parting with the crown, had loosed his braces an inch or two, had unbuttoned his shirt collar and had put his feet, encased in long top boots, upon the window sill near him. He was a rather tall man, slim and brown, his eyes were set deep in his head, and his curly hair, rapidly turning grey, shadowed a good square forehead. His neighbours called him a "well-lookin' kind of a man," though they seldom saw him in any other attire than his present, of blue home spun pants, red flannel shirt, stained white braces and a straw-billy—a shapeless sort of a wide-brimmed hat made up by his wife from straw he had grown and plaited himself, as other farmers at that time did.

Old Jimmy, then, sat thinking, each hand held hard to the arm of the patchwork-cushioned rocking chair in which he had ensconced himself; his pipe was in his mouth, and furnished evidence by the frequent puffs of blue smoke it emitted that the smoker's thoughts were somewhat perturbed. Apparently, his old collie, which lay under the chair between the rockers, thought something was amiss, since, at short intervals, he would carefully disentangle himself from the perils on either side of him, and, after stealing round to the front, would scan his master's face, and, by way of sympathy, would thrust his cold nose under one of the brown hands, and then retire to his former situation.

After these manifestations of perturbation on the one side and of sympathy on the other had lasted some time, the farmer suddenly withdrew his feet from their elevation, took his pipe out of his mouth and laid it upon the top of the door-jamb, banged his billy on his head, and, with a reassuring pat to the collie, which had risen as hastily as his master, descended the steps of the stoop and, saying to himself, "Golly, I'll do it; an' to-morrow, too!" took his way to the barn.

The low of cattle and the whinnying of a horse which followed the opening of the door betokened the welcome that dumb creatures never give but to those who are kind to them, and a glimpse of the interior whence proceeded the subtle and agreeable odour of cows and sweet hay, gave ample assurance that plenty and comfort reigned within.

The sound of the hustling of straw and the short command to "Haw" or "Gee, now!" or to "Git up!" told the farmer's errand to his barn and stables, which were all under the same roof, and when he emerged once more and shoved the great wooden bolt into place across the doors not a doubt of a comfortable night for the cattle could be entertained.

The farmer had apparently left all comfort behind him, for his countenance was even more troubled than it had been under the trying ordeal of thinking, and instead of going straight indoors, the early April night having fallen, the farmer stood still, hands in pocket, and viewed the sky. The young moon was just rising over the east, the breath of the early spring night was sweet, if cold, and more than a consciousness of tender young life was visible upon the elm and beech that bounded the farmer's vision on all sides but one. On that side the mellow farm-land lay, some in fallow, more under plough, and a good deal in fall wheat. Near the house a small orchard stood, and immediately before the kitchen door lay a rough space covered with the chips and knots of the wood pile, now much reduced in dimensions from its generous amplitude at the beginning of the winter. Passing across the lot to the end of the house, which was a pretty large one, having its four small windows, its little parlour and its immense kitchen, all on the ground floor, Old Jimmy, still accompanied by his collie, proceeded with slow steps and head bent towards a little hill at about a hundred yards distance, clothed with bushes, and looking at that season of the year somewhat unkempt. A wimpling creek ran at the foot of the hill, across which the farmer stepped with one long stride and the collie with a leap. A well-worn path through the bushes looked as if it had long been customary for some one to visit the hill, and certain signs visible at the top showed the reason why. A sort of plateau had been cleared, which, though covered with rough brown grass and a few bushes of syringa and lilac was divided off into rows, by what the farmer called "tomb-stuns." These were slabs of wood, mostly unpainted, rounded off at the top and set upright into the ground. Letters roughly and irregularly cut upon the face of each, showed that survivors had not been unmindful of the claims of the dead upon their remembrance. There were ten of these "stuns" of different dates and sizes, but upon most of them lichen and moss had done their embroidering so richly that the inscriptions were undecipherable. The newest and largest "stun" had received a coating of white paint, and the sunk letters were picked out carefully in black. A little bit of garden stood in front of it, in which the budding of a few roses was apparent. Before this Old Jimmy stood, and after contemplating the inscription for a few minutes proceeded to read it aloud:—

Here lyeth the Bodie
of Jane,
the Beloved Wife of
JAMES HAZELDEAN
In sure and certain promise of second appearing.
Died Nov. 29, A.D., 1889
Aged 57
Weep not for me—tears are in vain—
Some day you'll see me come again.

"Seems to me," he soliloquized, "when poor Jenny writ that epitaph she might ha' left out about 'second appearin'." She was always good at posie-verses, but when she took to epitaphs and writ that 'fer herself, as she said, I never meant ainy harm laffin at her, fer how could I think she would be 'took and me left,' as says Scripture. I allays counted on us livin' together all 'ur lives and dyin' of old age and bein' buried side by side. I didn't think much about 'second appearin' when she was first took, fer often and often it seemed to me Jenny was there a-helpin' me to git my bits o' meals. But it looks different o' late. I've bin so lonely. 'Taint easy to get through the winter when the thrashin's all done, an' the snow's a foot deep; an' if the little gell hadn't been took when she was gittin' handy 'twould ha' been different. P'raps she never thought, poor thing, that there wa'n't nobody when she was took; an' I'm hanged if I can get on by meself. Them hired gells aint any good, and Jenny allays hated havin' 'em round, an' I've done my level best to keep things goin' as she used ter. But I can't do it, to say nothing of havin' to get somebody else's woman to bake yer bread and do yer bit of washin', and gettin' yer meals yerself after a hard day. An' now the summer's a comin' on fast, and the men'll ha' to be fed somehow; an' if I get a gel in for the time, goodness knows what sort o' goins-on there'll be. How can I help it, spite o' 'second appearin' and all that! Jenny never was spiteful, an' I guess she'd reither I'd have a good woman as 'ud take care o' things; 'n go on as this 'ere. Poor Jenny! I certainly liked her a lot!" Old Jimmy took a turn round the "buryin' lot" as if in search of some token of comfort, and stopping at an old half fallen "stun," his old dog at his heel, muttered, "Mother, what do you say 'bout this here? O, mother, if ye were only here yerself 'twouldn't be to ask, for I wouldn't be lonely an' shifless." And a little patter on the stiff brown grass at his feet awakened a tiny grey-bird that had been prospecting for nest-building.

CHAPTER II.

"Teemorrer" came; but what with milking, cooking, ploughing, bed-making, in which latter he only indulged himself three times in the week, it was again evening before Old Jimmy had time to "do it." His preparations for action were elaborate, if few. He shaved himself at a bit of broken glass placed in the kitchen window, and after putting it carefully back on the top shelf of the dresser and throwing out the cold water in his shaving tin, he proceeded, the lather still on his face, to hunt up a white shirt; then he laid out his black suit; it had been new at his wedding, and he had only worn it once (at the funeral service) since his deceased wife's burial. The memory struck him with a certain awe, and the words "second appearing" were written upon his retina in white flame. Then he set upon his bureau a stiff black satin stock, and took out a spotted red handkerchief for his pocket—he had but one white one, and it was nowhere to be found. Then, in the seclusion of his summer kitchen he "tubbed," for the ice was not all gone out of the river, and it was yet too cold to bathe. Next he proceeded to dress himself, and lastly, after combing his hair, which was still curly and thick, though getting grey, he blacked his boots, his highlows, not the top-boots.

During these elaborate preparations his mind was busily occupied. He had quite made up his mind to "do it," and the next thing was to choose the lady. He knew that everybody had foreseen his present fix and had selected the Mrs. Hazeldean No. 2 time and again. There was the most industrious creature in the village, Miss Mollie Smith, but she had a cross eye, and old Jimmy liked to know when he was being looked at. And the Widow White, a good manager, everybody said, but with a tongue like the clapper of a bell. And the minister's wife, poor as a church mouse, and to whom a good home would be a novelty, but Jimmy wasn't marrying to give any woman a home; and there was the squire's eldest daughter, Miss Henrietta, that would have been a *parti* of so honourable a connection that even Jimmy would not object, he thought, but Miss Henrietta had no heart or she might have been married long ago, and he hated women that didn't love little children. Then there was the cooper's widow down at the village, Susie Wright that was. What a time that poor thing had had! How her man used to drink, to be sure, and leave poor Susie without either food or clothes enough for herself or her four children, and yet she kept 'em so clean, and had given 'em all a bit of education. Why, there was that eldest son of hers, Walter, able to keep the miller's books, though but a lad of sixteen, and as steady as if his father had been a minister! And that little lame gell, Ria, poor thing, so pale an' pretty, an' the two little fellers. How did the poor mother manage for them all—though he had heard Jenny say more than once that the cooper's widow was better off without her man than ever she had been with him, if she had to go out chorin' an' doin' a bit of sewin' at quiltin' time? Couldn't do any harm to go an' see the widow, and surely Jenny wouldn't put in any "second appearin'" if it wur the widow. Second appearin' was queer things, anyhow; but he'd heard of 'em, to be sure, an' they had allays seemed to him awful.

Merely saying to the collie as he closed his door, "Watch, Nelson!" old Jimmy took his way to the village in all the glories of feathers and war-paint, but with anything but a warrior's boldness at his heart. He did not walk, for that would have spoiled his boots, the roads were so muddy, and, moreover, the village was fully seven miles distant, and no farmer is good for a long walk, it is so much easier to drive. Old Jimmy therefore took his buggy,

into which he had hitched up the young mare Polly, and with a "Gee-up, little one!" drove off through a somewhat tumble-down affair of a gate towards the village. At an interval in the thick growth of trees that skirted the roadside, Jimmy looked across lots to the hill whereon lay his burying ground, and saw glaring very plainly at him the white "tomb-stun" with the dread inscription. For a moment he hung his head as though in shame, but picking up courage as he went along, his soliloquies grew more and more governed by the reasonableness of his intention than the ghostly threat of the defunct. "'Taint in nature that a man should live alone. I've heard Jenny herself say so many and mayny a time; and hoo in the name o' reason a man is to cook for ten or a dozen men, and look after his harvestin' at the same time beats me. To be sure, I might get the widow, Susie Wright as was, to bring her little girl Ria and come and keep house for me till harvest's over, but there'd be nobody to mind her house and cook and wash for her, and the little fellers might get into mischief, there's no tellin', while mother was away."

It did not occur to Old Jimmy that "Susan Wright that was," or any other woman, would have to be taken into council and her consent gained before any conclusion could be come to. But at last it dawned on him that "folks" might expect it of him, to show that their opinions, which they had taken good care should reach his ears, were not entirely disappointed. So, as he had to pass the house, he made up his mind to call on Miss Molly Smith, the "industrious model of the village." Accordingly, he drew up at her mother's door, dismounted and knocked. Then his heart gave a great bound, for he didn't want to marry Miss Smith, and if he gave her the opportunity to say yes, and she said it, what a mess he would be in.

Miss Smith opened the door herself, and said, "Good evenin', Farmer, won't you come in?"

"Reyther not, Miss Smith, if you don't mind. I called to ask if Mrs. Smith wants to sell the brindle cow?"

"O, indeed! yes. Mother'll sell her if she gets her price—it's twenty pounds she asks. Did you want her for yourself?"

"Well, yes, Miss Smith, and I'll take her at the price, but I can't stop now, hevin' to go to the post office. Will to-morrer do?"

"Yes, Mr. Hazeldean, to-morrer'll do."

"Good evenin'," Miss Smith.

"Good evenin', sir."

"Couldn't stand that ooman's eye no how! Lucky I thought on the cow," soliloquized Old Jimmy, as he mounted his buggy. "Big price, too, I give."

"That man's a-goin' a courtin' as sure as my name's Mary Ann Smith, an' its my belief he cum here with that intent," remarked Miss Smith as she recounted the visit to her mother. She evidently "knew the signs," notwithstanding crooked vision.

As Jimmy turned the road corner into the village street, he heard the sound of loud voices, and found that it was the Widow White in high altercation with her hired man, who had left the pasture gate unfastened and thus allowed the oxen to stray down the road. With a quick nod the farmer jerked up the mare to a gallop, saying to himself as he did, "Ef there's one thing I hate it's a scold, Jenny, my lass, no 'second appearin' 'ud be necessary to make me miserable w' such a goman as that. My gracious! Why, what's that?"

"That" was merely too little boys of seven and nine staggering under the load of half a tree which they were endeavouring to get home for firewood. Being just half way across the road, their unusual aspect startled the farmer's young mare, and it was with difficulty he prevented her from running away. The boys saw the mischief and tugged valiantly, but the great log was only to be moved an inch at a time.

"Gracious me!" cried Old Jimmy, "whose boys be ye? Where's yer father—he ought to be doin' that kind of work, not lettin' little uns like you pull yerselves to pieces at it. What's yer names?"

"Tom and Jackie Williams, please, sir," replied the elder, as he pushed back his straw-billy to look at the speaker.

"God bless me! so it is," cried the farmer.

"Here, boys, git up and show me where yer mother lives, and I'll see that the log gets hum all right."

A few minutes later the Widow Williams, "Susie Wright that was," looked out of the small window of her little log house to see where the sound of a man's laugh came from. It was Old Jimmy, one boy on his knee and another at his side, who was driving up the rough road that lay between two little bits of pasture where a young heifer was cropping the dry brown grass.

"Mother! mother!" cried the boys in chorus, "Mr. Hazeldean says he'll fetch the wood home, and he wants to see you about work. An' he says if you'll let us he'll fetch us up to Hazeldean farm to see the new cow and get some apples."

Farmer Jimmy had already begun his courting, it was very evident.

"I want to see you, Mrs. Williams, very patickler, so if you'll let the little boys mind the mare, I'll be glad; her's safe."

"Yes, Mr. Hazeldean. Will you walk in?"

The visitor walked in, and was glad to find the little kitchen vacant, but he hardly knew what to say, so he looked about him. There was a settee, a table, three chairs and a bench in the room, and that was all, with the exception of a bit of crockery on a couple of shelves, a tray against the wall, a curtain on the window and a couple of candlesticks

on the shelf over the open fire-place, where a few sticks were burning, yet the aspect of the little room was very home-like.

"I suppose ye are not very busy, Mrs. Williams, are ye?"

"I've always got plenty to do, Mr. Hazeldean, but I might find time for more if I had it."

"You can milk an' make butter, and bake an' wash, and them things, I reckon, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hazeldean, most women can do all that."

"An' mend clothes, an' feed hens, an' make quilts an' rugs for winter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, all of us have those things to attend to."

"Well, Mrs. Williams, I can't do none o' them things, 'cept the milkin', an' that I allays did do for poor Jenny, an' I come to ask you if you'd be the ooman to do 'em?"

"Mr. Hazeldean, I've my four children to look after, and my poor Ria most of the time lyin' down, as perhaps you know, and it would be impossible for me to do all you want. Besides, it is too far from the village for me to get backwards and forwards, even if other things served."

"You don't understand me, good ooman," said Old Jimmy, blushing like a girl. "I've been thinkin it all over, an' I can't do without a ooman in the house, an' I counted on getting you to be that ooman, havin' concluded that I didn't want none o' them others. I knowed you when you were 'Susie Wright that was,' and I allays regarded you as a purty and clever little body, and neither you nor me's as young as we was, and the fact is I'm so lonely I can't go on living as I have done this year 'n a half an' I want to know if you'll marry me and bring all the young uns with you. There's room enough an' plenty to eat, and that poor Ria might get stronger if she was in the country, and them little fellers is such capital little chaps, they could do lots of things that 'ud help me after comin' from school. It's ony the 'second appearin' that bothers me, an' that you've heard of as well as all the rest o' the folks, I reckon, and if you'll risk it *why I will*."

The little woman, in her black print gown, with her hair neatly coiled at the back of her head, looked to the lonely man very attractive as she sat gazing at him with great grey eyes full of astonishment and doubt.

"I know its hurried," the suitor continued, finding that the little woman did not speak, "an' I don't ask you to say yes or no to-night, I only tell you that I mean what I say, and if you'll have me I'll do right by you an' the young uns, and Walter, too, and they sha'n't none on 'em ever say they hadn't a good home at Hazeldean, if so be their mother 'ull be the missis."

"Indeed, Mr. Hazeldean," at length replied the widow, "you must give me time to think about what you have said. I never expected so much from any man, and I don't know how to take it."

(To be continued.)

An Indian Robin Hood.

Jhunda, the notorious dacoit, who was recently killed in an encounter with the Indian police, appears from the accounts of his life given by the papers to have been a kind of Indian Robin Hood. He began his career in the native army, but soon left the service for the more congenial occupation of robbery. In 1874 he was captured and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. After breaking his arm in an attempt to escape he remained in Meerut Gaol till 1888, and became the most expert carpet weaver in the prison. On his release he collected a band which soon became the terror of Meerut and the adjoining districts. His usual course of operations was to pounce upon a village and call upon the local shroff, or banker, to produce his bonds and receipts, which were then publicly burned, while the shroff himself was plundered. This style of proceeding made Jhunda popular with the indebted classes, who from a large proportion of the Indian rural population, and by their aid he succeeded in defying the police for the last two years. Like his English prototype, he is also said to have often been charitable to the poor. There was at first some doubt whether he was actually killed; but his identity is now placed beyond question.

The "Tourist's Note Book."

We are glad to see that an enlarged and revised edition of Mr. J. M. LeMoine's excellent little handbook of "Quebec and its Environs" has just been issued. To Mr. LeMoine Quebec owes a debt which all lovers of the dear old city must help to discharge—a debt of grateful recognition. For undoubtedly there are thousands of persons in both hemispheres who have derived from Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive volumes all the knowledge they possess of the venerable fortress and its manifold historic associations from the days of Champlain to the present. The "Tourist's Note Book" was the happy thought, we believe, of the Princess Louise, to whom it is dedicated. At any rate it was Mr. LeMoine who escorted the Marquis of Lorne and his illustrious consort through the storied streets of the ancient capital and showed them all its points of interest when they first arrived in the country. The "Note Book," of which the fifth edition is now published, was the welcome result. It contains some new chapters that add to its value. The publisher is C. Darveau, Quebec.



MILLET'S "GLANEUSES."—The Louvre is happy in the acquisition of Millet's "Gleaners"—the picture which is believed, with his "Angelus" and "The Sower," to mark the summit of his achievement. It has been handed over by the executors of the late Madame Pommeroy, the Champagne (Queen, of Reims, whither an officer of the institution was immediately sent to take possession of it.

THE MEN WHO MADE BARBIZON FAMOUS.—The men who were to begin to give fame to Barbizon, Corot, Barye and Rousseau, came in 1832, though they had been to the forest to study before, while staying at the White Horse in Chailly. October, November and December were their favourite months. The noisy crowd had gone and the peculiar charms of forest and plain were putting on their richest effects. The scraggy old apple-trees, of which there were hundreds, stood out in all their eccentric nakedness, the habitations of man and beast wore a retired and sombre expression, and the wild boar and deer could be easily seen and studied. All nature was open and untamed.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH HERON'S DRAWINGS.—The choice collection of water-colour drawings formed by the late Town Clerk of Manchester has lately been on view previously to being sold. Sir Joseph Heron was a man of excellent taste, and he confined himself almost entirely to the drawings of the older English masters—Turner, De Wint, David Cox, and their contemporaries. Of Turner the collection includes no fewer than 20 examples, though, to be sure, nearly all of them are early works, painted before the artist had shaken off the influence of Paul Sandby and Curtin and had learnt to use colour with freedom. By De Wint there are five sketches and two important drawings, of which one, "On the Yare" (59), is distinguished from almost all other drawings of the master by bearing a genuine signature and date. De Wint, as is well known, disliked writing his name upon his drawings; his one answer to purchasers who asked him to do so was that the works were already "signed all over." The small "Road across the Moor" (42) is a perfect example of David Cox, and "Calder Bridge" (23) is about as good a Gurtin as could be found. A farmhouse interior (17) is an example of William Hunt, unusual in subject and of exceptional quality, and there are few better examples of John Varley than the beautiful drawing called "The Thames at Blackwall" (12).

THE ARTIST'S PENCIL AS A DETECTIVE.—It is curious to read in Mr. W. P. Frith's "Reminiscences" how photography, now used so extensively by the police in the detection of criminals, was anticipated by the pencil. Mr. Frith gives two examples. The first relates to an experience of Mulready, who, while walking down the Bayswater Road in 1805, was stopped by a foot-pad armed with a pistol. The artist had no choice but to comply, and, on reaching home, drew the man's face very carefully, taking the drawing to Bow Street. Within a fortnight the man was captured, his apprehension being due entirely to the picture. The second instance relates to Mr. G. B. O'Neil, who was robbed of his watch while looking at the time under a gas lamp near Kensington Church. The time for observation was very short, but the artist was able to make a drawing, which he gave to the police. The man was soon after caught, and at his trial the drawing was produced, and the likeness, together with Mr. O'Neil's recognition, was sufficient to convict him. Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., also made a drawing in connection with a robbery at his house. Unfortunately, the drawing was not that of the thief, but of his dismantled room, with himself standing ruefully gazing at the scene. —*Photographic News*.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF BAD ART.—It is always an uncomfortable position to be extremely radical, and to go in defiance of popular opinion is an unthankful task, but it is not popular opinion which gives the Academicians a high place among contemporary artists; it is simply popular indifference and that *laissez-faire* and the snobbish and unquestioning recognition of the powers that be which characterizes the ordinary Englishman in regard to all matters outside those which concern his personal dignity or his pocket. For the rest, Englishmen are singularly unable to form any sound judgment on matters artistic; they really like bad art, and they have not had the advantage of being educated and directed by critics who can help them to see aright. In France the critic is the complement of the painter. The great critic's toe comes so near the heel of the great painter he is able to follow in his footsteps and to lead others along the same path. In England we turn on the first man we meet in the street to do our art criticism, and he naturally finds it safest and easiest to praise that which has the assured position which academic honours carry with them, for it occurs to but few to remember that these honours are merely self-bestowed, and have no more significance than appertains to the membership of an exclusive club; forgetting, too, that this club is wholly discredited outside its own little set and *cantonage*. —*London*.

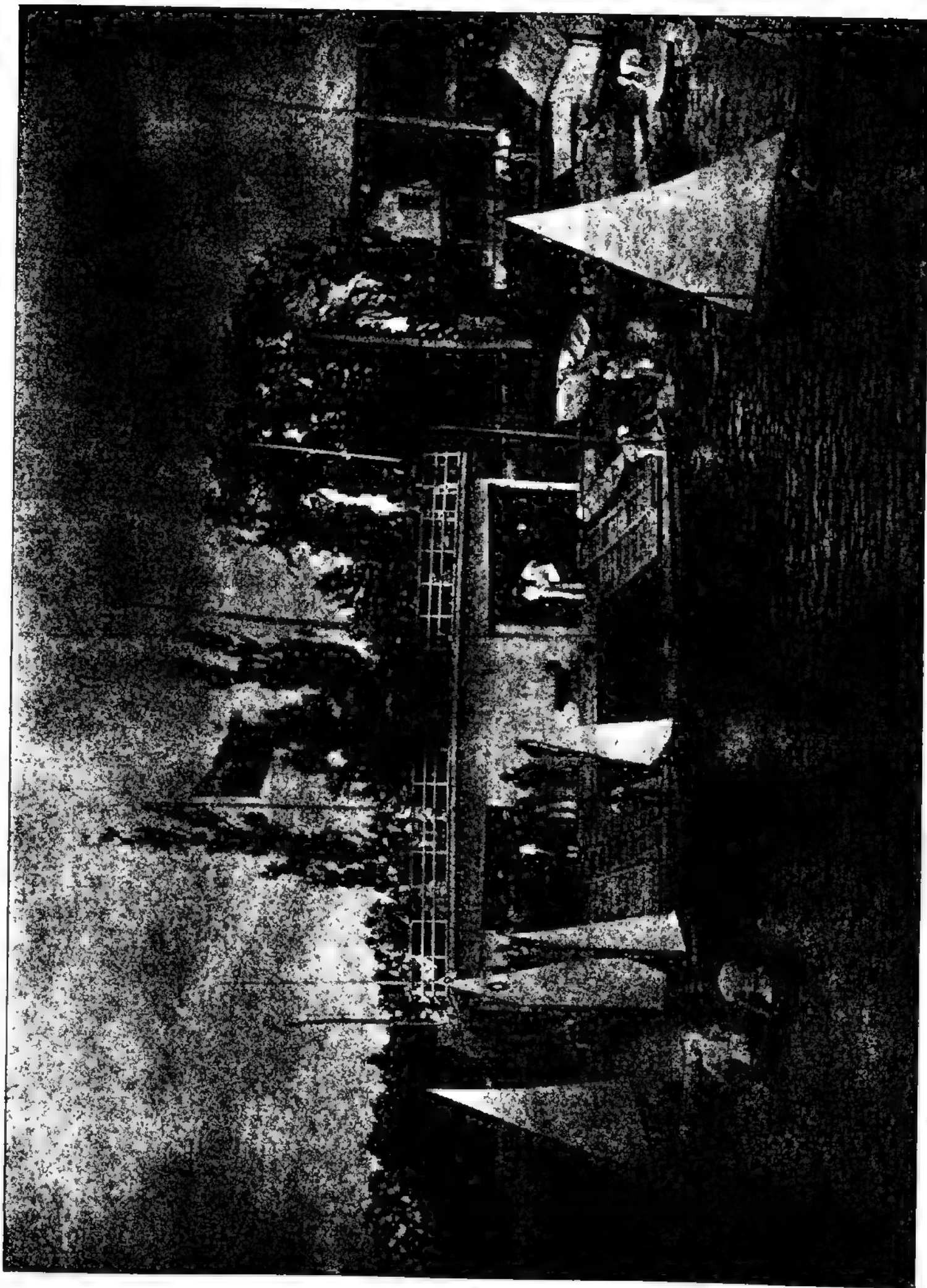
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—One of the most interesting exhibitions that has been on view in the Suffolk street galleries for some years is opened to the public. It

consists of "sketches, studies and decorative designs;" and in these the bulk of the exhibitors show to much greater advantage than in more ambitious works. Such painters as Messrs. R. B. Nesbit (55), A. W. Weedon ("A Sussex Common," 87), W. H. Pike (211), R. W. Rouse ("A Wet Evening," 243), Dudley Hardy, and the President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, send effective and clever sketches in their different styles. Mr. W. A. Breakspeare shows his admirable draughtsmanship in the nude study which he calls "By the Seashore" (424). But the chief interest of the exhibition lies in the large number of sketches by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Watts, and in a few by the late Cecil Lawson, which the council have secured. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a full size study for one of the Briar-rose series, and many smaller designs for the same; Sir F. Leighton a number of studies for "Greek Girls" and other pictures; and Mr. Watts several, including a fine and elaborate design for a mural decoration "an introductory chapter to a proposed mural pictorial history of man." Mr. Watts's imaginative qualities are never more happily shown than in these visions of the primeval world. —*London Times*, June 30.

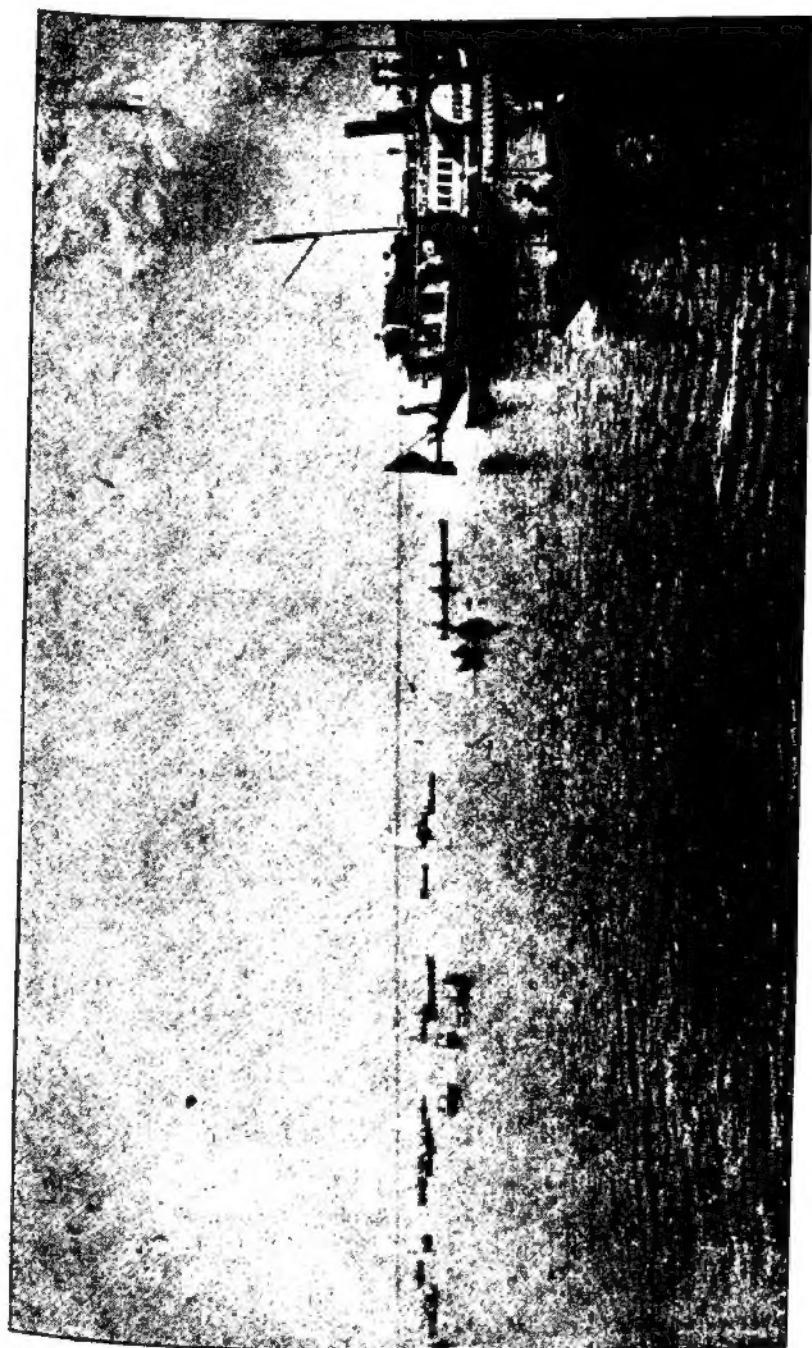
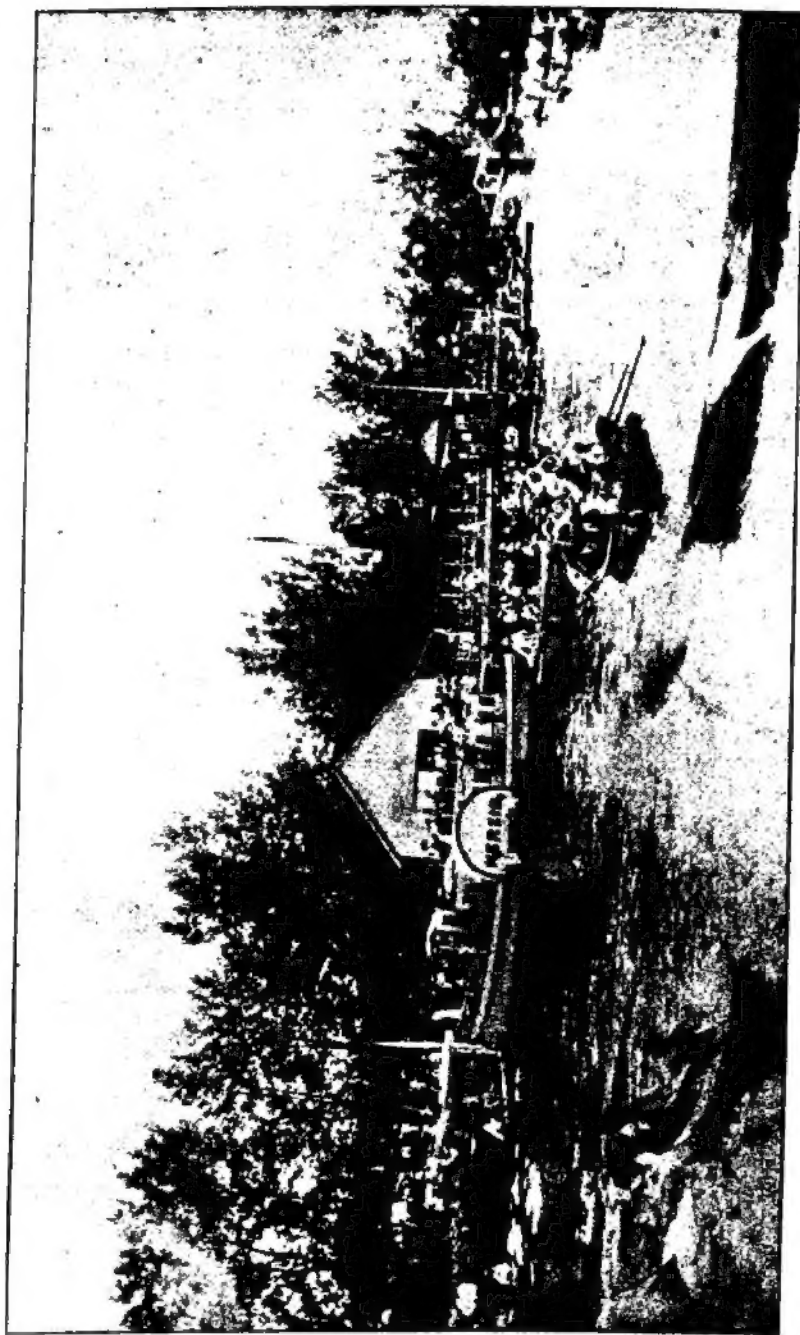
WHY AMERICAN ART LANGUISES.—A leading American artist was asked why he confined himself to portraits, small pictures and foreign ideas, instead of undertaking something that would really make a sensation in art circles—some big American subject that would be worthy of his talent. He replied that he would do so gladly if he could, but he could not afford it. To paint such a picture would cost, allowing himself carpenter's wages, from \$1,200 to \$2,000. Models must be hired, researches undertaken, and costly material purchased. Then, when it was done, the chances were, he thought, that everyone would admire it and no one buy it. This would mean the loss of a year's time and considerable money, which he could not afford. On the other hand, the wealthy artists are not spurred on by necessity. They either don't have to paint at all or their reputation brings a ready sale for anything whatever which they wish to paint. He averred that every painting of the kind of recent years has been either painted to order or with a tacit understanding that some patron was to see the artist through. There is no stimulus to original American art except the few rewards offered by art associations, which are almost universally carried off by Salon pictures or pictures with foreign treatment. This artist referred to has a great picture that he wants to paint. He cannot do it unless some man of wealth stands sponsor for it. To do so without aid or encouragement would be as reasonable as for a Market Street merchant to embark all his goods on a sailing vessel and take a voyage to the cannibal islands in the hope of a lucrative trade. Artists without capital or patrons won't undertake big work. Artists with capital and reputation have no reason to. Why don't some of our wealthy men undertake to encourage art by agreeing to stand sponsor to some of our rising artists? The Government fosters art in France. Here the Government ruins it; for once in a while it buys a bad picture at an enormous price and is so overcome with its virtuous action that it has to rest several years before trying again. —*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Marie Bashkirtseff.

Some interesting facts about Marie Bashkirtseff will be found in this month's *Woman's World*. The writer—"D. H. E."—first saw Marie in the autumn of 1880. She appeared one morning at the studio, dressed in a white cotton blouse shirt, a dark skirt, and with her hair twisted carelessly in a knot. At that time she had lost some of her first beauty, but she was still a most intellectual and remarkable-looking girl. Not above the middle height, she had a finely moulded, rather plump figure; her hands wrists and feet were admirable. Her hair was fair—a peculiar shade of warm flaxen—her complexion an opaque white, while the expression of her fine grey eyes was haunting. One of the first things Marie said on entering the dingy *atelier* that morning was that she was painting the portrait of a "jeune homme du monde" in her own studio, a statement which sent a pious thrill of horror through the ranks of the French pupils. The next day the simple student in the blouse had disappeared, and Mlle. Bashkirtseff, dressed in a Worth gown and priceless Russian sables, stepped in on her road to some private view or afternoon party. That was her way: one day the most Bohemian of Bohemians, with her lunch in a basket, her hair twisted in a knot, and a joke for everybody that she liked in the *atelier*; the next an exquisitely dressed young lady, discoursing of last night's ball or a *première* at the Français. But it must be owned that the studio saw far more of the hardworking Bohemian than of the fashionable young lady. Sometimes she would bring her mandolin and play, while the model rested, to amuse her fellow students, in the pretty fashion which obtains in Parisian studios. Marie Bashkirtseff's was the most true-ringing laugh that I ever heard in a grown-up person. A single instance will suffice. One day, when M. Paul de Cassagnac was calling on Mme. Bashkirtseff, the lady wished to keep him to dine, and whispered to her little black page to ask the cook what there was for dinner. Meanwhile, the room being full of visitors, M. de Cassagnac proceeded to tell very seriously a story about the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial. He had just concluded, when the little page threw open the door, and in a profound silence said in a loud voice, "Madame, c'est un canard!" Marie's laugh, even in the midst of the general mirth, was a thing to hear.



MACHINE BOAT HOUSE. (Cumming & Brewis photo.)



SCENES AT POINTE CLAIRE REGATTA. (From photos. by Geo. R. Lighthall, N.P.)

LITERARY NOTES

The title of Mr. William O'Brien's novel is "When We were Boys." A French translation from advanced sheets is brought out by Calmann Lévy.

"Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler) has just come before the public as the author of a remarkable story of New York life, entitled, "The Toltec Cup." It is published by the Lew Vanderpoole Co.

The second series of "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest," a review of the first part of which appeared in this paper about a year ago, has just been brought out by Messrs. A. Côté & Co., Quebec.

The various poems contributed on the occasion of the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence (the English portion of which was got together through the exertions of Miss Busk) are, it seems, to be published in a volume.

Messrs. Jarvis & Son, promise new editions of "Queens of Society" and "Wits and Beaux of Society," by Philip and Grace Wharton. Each book will be in two volumes, with a preface by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, M.P.

Early in the autumn Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will begin publishing in monthly volumes the new and complete edition of the works of James Russell Lowell, uniform with their recent edition of the works of John Greenleaf Whittier.

So rapid has been the development of the public library movement that Mr. Greenwood has found it necessary to re-write the whole of his book on "Free Public Libraries" in preparing for a third edition, which is now passing through the press.

The correspondence between Maximilian II. of Bavaria and the philosopher Schelling will shortly be issued under the editorship of the learned archivists Leist and Trost. The work is intended to form part of a documentary history of the king's reign, written by the editors of the correspondence.

Mr. S. Lane-Poole's memoir of Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the Greek army during the War of Independence, was concluded in the July number of the *English Historical Review*. Mr. Poole is sanguine that the facts adduced will go far to disprove Finlay's unfavourable judgment of the general's conduct of the war.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has set forth his recollections of Robert Browning in a volume of "Personalia." The preface contains a letter of the poet's, and a frontispiece portrait shows Browning in his early manhood. The body of the work is divided into two sections, "The Early Career of Robert Browning" and "Personal Impressions."

A number of wealthy French Jews wish to buy the Vatican copy of the Hebrew Bible from the Pope for £40,000. The Venetian Jews offered half that sum for it to Julius II. I fancy (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) that His Holiness could not legally sell it, as he has only a life estate in the Vatican and its wealth of rare books, pictures and furniture.

Mr. Barrett Browning, writing to a correspondent as to a poem with the refrain "Sometime, somewhere," which has been attributed to Robert Browning, says:—"The poem in question is not by my father. It may interest you to hear that only last November he received a letter from a stranger thanking him curiously enough for having written this particular poem. He wrote and explained that it was a mistake."

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, M.P., is following valiantly in his father's footsteps, both as a prose-writer and a novelist. The anniversary of 1789 suggested the attempt to deal afresh with the hackneyed, but always interesting, theme of the French Revolution. The first volume of Mr. McCarthy's work has just been published by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York. It is pleasantly written. The first volume does not get beyond the *Annus Mirabilis*, 1789.

The second volume of Mr. John S. Farmer's "Slang and its Analogues" has been issued. The whole work is so far forward that the third volume is expected to be ready early in November. Since the publication of vol. i. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have generously placed at Mr. Farmer's disposal the whole of the slang MS. collected by the late Mr. John Camden Hotten. Mr. A. P. Watt is the agent for the work.

The first two volumes of "Lothar Bucher's Leben und Werke," edited by Ritter von Poschinger, are expected to be published very shortly, if they have not already appeared. Herr Bucher, who was called "the right hand of Bismarck," had a remarkable career, and very few German journalists equalled him in elegance of style. The time of his political exile he mostly spent in London. Later on he became a member of the Bismarck ministry, from which he retired in 1886.

The library and collection of autographs of the late Mr. F. W. Cosens, which were sold recently, were of exceptional interest. The library included a large number of scarce and valuable Spanish books, first quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, first edition of Shakespeare's poems, the original drawings by H. K. Browne and Cruickshank to

illustrate many of Dickens's works, also a remarkable series of works relating to wine. The autographs included an unusual number of Dickens's letters.

Professor Campbell Fraser's new monograph on Locke, in Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics," is an introduction not merely to Locke, but through him to the intellectual philosophy of Europe during the two hundred years that have elapsed since the publication of the "Essays." Professor Fraser has been able to add fresh materials for the study of Locke from the papers in possession of Lord Lovelace, and also from the large collection of letters belonging to Mr. Sandford, of Nynhead.

A Welsh Dialect Society, with Prince Lucien Bonaparte as president, has recently been established in connection with the University College of North Wales at Bangor. The first report shows that local branches have been organized in all the counties of North Wales for the purpose of collecting material for the study of Welsh dialects, and prizes are offered by the society at the next national Eisteddfod for the best collection of the kind. The secretary is Mr. J. Morris Jones, Welsh Lecturer at the University College.

A movement has been started to buy Dove Cottage and the orchard garden where Wordsworth lived, and which remain almost untouched as they were in his time. It is proposed to put the place in trust, and to keep it as a memorial of Wordsworth's work. The whole may be acquired for £650, and an additional sum would set up a museum. A full account and other reasons for the purchase are given in a little book by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, called "Dove Cottage," and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., to whom communications and subscriptions may be addressed.

The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in its annual report prints some statistics supplied by the Commissioners of National Education, showing the progress of the study of Irish in the national schools. Irish is taught in forty-five national schools, and the number of pupils who passed has risen from twelve in 1881 to over five hundred in 1889. With reference to intermediate education the Council have also to report highly satisfactory progress. The results of the recent examinations show that the number of boys who passed in Irish amounted to 273, while in 1881 it was under fifty.

"Nym Crinkle," who has a pungent way of putting things, thus characterizes Mr. Howell's latest incursion into the field of dramatic criticism: "He is a combination of lawlessness in judgment and affectation in manner which reminds me of an anarchist in a dress coat pretending not to like beer. He invariably approves of what is formless, commonplace and disconnected. Something in him is aggravated beyond measure by purpose symmetrically sustained. The organization of life into ideals under the laws of beauty, which is, indeed, the nature and essence of drama and of all art, is the one thing that he will not have."

The sale of the magnificent library collected by the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Edward Sullivan, has been to bibliographers one of the most interesting events of the present season. Lovers of rare editions of the classics find abundance of attractions in the catalogue, notably in two richly bound volumes issued in 1567, and containing select plays of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, with Latin translations in prose and verse. Many Aldines of the end of the fifteenth century and some curious black-letter productions delighted the eyes of collectors whose tastes lay in these directions, while for those most strongly inclined to modern first editions there were many jewels of price. Yet another variety of the *genus* collector was specially attracted to the books embellished with plates by Rowlandson, Blake, Bewick, Cruickshank and other famous illustrators.

The Angel of Sorrow.

(LUKE 22, 43 and 44.)

He came from a far-off land of light,
The Angel of Sorrow in garments white.

And with heavenly pity he stirred again
The water of life in the hearts of men.

But the multitude cried as he held his way,
"The shadow of Death on his forehead lay."

"He shall not dwell in our valley here
When the blossoming vine doth crown the year."

So he pass'd away—tho' his face was sweet
With a glory caught at the Saviour's feet.

In a lowly cot he is standing now,
And his hand is laid on a woman's brow.

But his touch hath balm that no words can bring,
As the tears of love in her eyes upspring.

O! men ye have scorned in his high behest,
The Angel of Sorrow who giveth rest!

For the woman arose with a vict'ry won,
And a whisper low: "Thy will be done!"

And peace lay shining within her breast,
Like a dove at eve that hath found its nest.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

Extraordinary Finger-Nails.

When we travel to the far East, we find the form of the finger-nails proclaiming unquestionably the claims of their owners to rank and fashion, and are astonished that any people should be willing to submit themselves to the inconvenience which such distinction necessitates. We are all more or less acquainted with the extraordinary manner in which the feet of Chinese ladies of the upper ranks are disfigured during infancy, so that in after life they are of little or no service as organs of progression, but become mere mummied records of what they have been. So also we find both men and women belonging to the upper classes permitting the finger nails to attain an enormous, and to our eyes a hideous, development under the same influence of the *mode*. Chinese belles and dandies are in consequence often to be seen with the nails projecting from an inch to an inch and a half beyond the finger-tips; and these unseemly appendages are pared and tended with the utmost care, and are regarded with pride and gratification by their happy possessors. But it is in Siam, in Annam, and in Cochin China that this extraordinary custom is carried to its greatest development. The nobles of Annam, for instance, permit their nails to grow to such a length that the hands are absolutely useless for any practical purpose. The nails on the second, third and fourth fingers attain a length of from four to nearly five inches. They are straight, with a slight inward curve, and present the appearance of immense claws or talons; which we could imagine might be of use to man in his most savage state, for scratching up the ground to find roots or seeds, but certainly do not appear adapted for either use or ornament under any of the ordinary incidents of life. The nail of the thumb is hardly so long as those of the other digits. It at first grows nearly straight, with also a tendency to curve inwards, but presently takes the form of an elongated spiral, and must almost entirely prevent the use of the thumb as an organ of prehension. On the first finger alone is the nail kept within reasonable bounds, and with this only must be performed all those innumerable trifling acts which, taken together, add so greatly to our comfort and well-being. It sometimes happens that the nails are allowed to grow to a great length to indicate that the wearer leads a religious life, and has forsworn at once the labours and the frivolities of the world. The hand of a Chinese ascetic, leading such an indolent and wasteful existence, presents the most extraordinary spectacle. The nail of the first finger is indeed, as in the case of the Annamese already described, left sufficiently short to render the finger of some practical service. The other fingers are, however, disfigured by immense horny growths, which can scarcely be called nails, which reach the enormous length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. These hideous excrescences do not grow straight and claw like, as do the Annamese nails referred to above, but in a curious irregular spiral curve, the nails of the second and third fingers interlacing in an extraordinary and particularly ugly fashion. The nail of the little finger, after projecting for some distance almost straight, with a slight upward tendency, makes a sudden bend, and reaches with a regular sickle-shaped curve across the nails of the two neighbouring fingers. The thumb is furnished with an almost flat nail, which assumes a spiral form from its immediate junction with the fleshy part of the organ.

This extraordinary development of the finger-nails is supposed to be produced by hypertrophy of the horny tissues, induced doubtless by some special agency or mechanical irritation for the purpose of obtaining a plentiful secretion of the horny material. But that any state of society should exist in which to render the hands thus utterly useless and hideous was regarded as a virtue, cannot but strike persons unaccustomed to such vagaries of fashion as remarkable in the extreme. So essential as a mark of nobility, however, are long nails regarded in what is known as the Transgangeitic Peninsula, that Siamese actors and actresses, when playing the parts of "lords and ladies," usually appear with long silver horn-shaped ornaments attached to the ends of the fingers, not to represent the nails themselves of the aristocracy, but those long silver cases with which the *beaux* and *belles* either protect these valuable appendages when they are there, or make believe that they are there when in reality they are absent. Though it is in Siam and the neighbouring States that the custom of wearing these prodigious appendages reaches its most ridiculous height, yet long finger nails are more or less fashionable in many other parts of the world. Gentlemen in England and in France may often be found taking a pride in the exuberant development of these organs, while throughout the East it is more or less the fashion to permit one or more of the nails to attain what may be regarded as an abnormal growth. Thus ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to Europe are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrence with many of the people of India and other parts of Asia. With whatever feelings of disgust the appearance of hands thus furnished may fill us, we should, however remember that for the anatomist and physiologist not a little interest is attached to this excessive development of the finger nails. For by this it is seen that certain growths of the nail hitherto regarded as abnormal and extraordinary, are in reality indications of the normal growth of the nails when carefully preserved from all retarding influences. Nevertheless, it cannot be supposed that the nails upon our hands and feet were ever intended to attain such extraordinary length, for it can only be by becoming entirely dependent upon the service of others that these aristocrats of the half-civilized countries of the East are enabled to proclaim their miserable superiority to their fellow-men.

The Evolution of Bird-Song.

Mr. C. A. Wittchell, writing upon the voices of British wild birds in a recent number of the *Zoologist*, contends that all birds possess the power to emit a cry of distress—that is, an exclamation caused by bodily pain, or by fear, and this cry seems to be the first utterance of the young of most species. It is presumed that a cry of distress was the earliest vocal utterance within the ability of the bird or its progenitors; and it may have been originally produced accidentally by contortion of the body during combat, in which event it might have tended towards the preservation of the individuals by whom it was uttered. If an outcry increased the chance of victory in combat, the inclination and ability to exclaim would become permanent, and the cry would be habitually uttered in the tone most easily produced, or most effectual in its result. It would thus become a definitely formed cry, and would soon be uttered in circumstances of danger as well as in combat. In most birds of limited vocal compass, the distress cry is merely an exaggeration of the ordinary call-note or signal of assembly, as, for example, in the mallard, crow and rook; but fear may induce in the call-note inflections unappreciated by the human ear. It is a curious fact that among birds of limited vocal power the call-note resembles the danger-cry (or alarm) much more than in birds of varied song. The mallard, crow, rook and bullfinch may be mentioned as typical of the former class; and the blackbird, starling, redbreast and nightingale as typical of the latter. This tends to prove that the call-note and the danger-cry had a common origin, namely, the cry of distress. This distress-cry became modified in different species, and for different occasions, and developed into a cry of dismissal as well as into a call of assembly. The house sparrow utters a characteristic note to indicate the arrival of a hawk, at the sound of which house sparrows within hearing secrete themselves. This bird has another danger signal, which is employed as a call-note to the young. Several species silence their young by a note of warning. I have known a blackbird utter different notes to announce the presence of a cat or a human being. The common fowl (whose notes generally have withstood the influence of artificial selection) utters different alarm-cries to signal the approach of a dog or cat or that of a hawk. It may be fairly suggested that certain alarm notes are onomatopœic, and are intended to suggest the presence of the seemingly most dreaded enemies of the bird.

It is believed that the call-note, being more or less the result of imitation, is influenced by sounds familiar to the bird, and of these the most pleasant are those resulting from or associated with the act of feeding or of obtaining food. The sounds produced by eating would probably seem loud to the birds making them, just as with us the noise made by masticating dry toast is more noticeable to the eater of it than to his neighbour at table. In the course of time persistent sounds might, in consequence of the involuntary or voluntary imitateness of a bird, modify its call-note, in the same way as they have undoubtedly affected the character of the song of at least one individual wild song-bird subsequently mentioned. It is also possible that a resemblance of the sounds made in obtaining food, and for the purpose of suggesting those sounds to other birds; but often there is certainly, from whatever cause arising, a great similarity between the call-notes of birds and the sounds which are occasioned by their obtaining food or eating it. Instances of this may be found in the hawks, whose call-notes are screams, like those of their victims; in the common butcher-bird, which has a note resembling the distress-cry of the frog, on which it preys; in the blackbird and thrush, which at times makes a clicking sound that is the foundation of the reiterated alarm-notes of the former bird.

Among birds, as among men, leisure is necessary to the development of song, and may to some extent induce it. The cause of the frequent imitateness of captive birds may perhaps be found in their security and idleness. It is not contended that leisure would make a bird of harsh voice musical; but no one will dispute that if a song-bird be constantly harassed it will not sing. The constant employment of the brain in detecting and avoiding danger, or in the occupation of getting food, hinders any tendency to develop song. It is possible that want of leisure, and a feeling of insecurity, may have prevented the elaboration of song among birds of torrid regions, where they are continually pursued by enemies, engaged in battle among themselves, or are labouring to obtain food, and where their increase is checked by violence rather than by the climatic influences that in temperate zones periodically lessen their numbers. If the suggestion that leisure is necessary to song be correct, we should find limited voices in birds that are much occupied either in obtaining food or avoiding enemies. Such is the fact. Of the former class are the *Raptors* and *Picidae*, of the latter the *Rasores*. The *Anatidae* may belong to both.

The author says he has made a large number of records of song in the Stroud district. The tables show that the thrushes (about 50) sang 1,120 phrases, each of which comprised one or more notes resembling the sounds made by other species, and 450 other phrases that had not a like retabulated similarity. The redbreasts (about 65) sang 1,316 tabulated phrases, 905 of which were recognized as containing an imitation, and the larks (about 31) sang 345 imitations. From his observations, he contends that bird-song originated in a cry produced by bodily contortion. This cry was developed by use in times of danger. It then became a warning note that was elaborated into a call-

note. This note was repeated by males in varied tone and pitch, and several influences tended to make it a reproduction of surrounding persistent sounds. The call-notes were repeated by the males to the females; and in this manner arbitrary phrases were constructed. Further efforts on the part of the males induced greater variety, which took the form of imitation of other sounds.

The Bell of Justice.

Comes o'er the sea from Italy
A story quaintly sweet:
Nor minstrel's tale of lovers frail
Nor jousts where brawlers meet.
No lute-swept air to beauty faire,
That bard or harper sings,
Doth sweeter chime; to scented thyme
No richer fragrance clings.

To guide the State, a kindly fate
A noble prince had crowned
Italy's king, while liegemen sing
His praise the champaign round.
In all things just, in sooth, needs must
That vassals homage pay.
Where Love doth reign, no galling chain
Constrains his gentle sway.

Through Italy the King's decree
By heralds blazoned wide:
"Twixt man and man," the mandate ran,
"Let Justice always bide,
Nor fear that I, when any cry.
For succour at my hand,
Shall close mine ear, nor deign to hear
The humblest in my land."

"Here in yon tower, my kingly power
Decrees a bell shall swing;
The meanest one may hither run
And loud for Justice ring.
When grasping might shall claim as right
What Justice ne'er allows,
Nor fear that he shall spurned be,
Nor we his cause espouse!"

Such role benign, like mellow wine,
All heart's warmed through the land,
And, man to man, each warring clan
As banded brothers stand.
The Justice-bell ne'er pealed its knell;
The frayed rope useles hung;
A creeping vine doth, braiding, twine
The rotting strands among.

When, lo! one morn, a sound was borne
Across the busy mart,
And, as the knell of passing bell,
It pierced the city's heart.
The long-hushed clang like clarion rang
Amid the echoing walls;
The elbowing crowd demand full loud
Who thus for Justice calls!

The King and Court, with hurried port,
Assemble in the square.
"Who thus doth ring? The plaintiff bring!
Deny his claim who dare!"
No answering sound, while far around
The bell's loud clangour tolls:
And awe-struck, dumb, the rabble come
As breaking tide-wave rolls.

"I' faith, perdy, a mystery!
Ho! varlets search the place
And hither bring whoe'er doth ring
And crave our royal grace?"
The minions sped, with hasty tread,
And, hurrying through the crowd,
Urged on his course a worn, lean horse,
'Mid laughter long and loud.

The poor, starved beast, that fain would feast
Upon the tender vine
That tempting hung, the bell had rung!
And Justice owned the sign.
"Now by my crown!" with haughty frown,
The King cried lustily,
"The brute doth pray for help to-day,
Nor pleads in vain to me!"

"Let no one stir: bring forth the cur
That left yon beast to die!—
Now, sirrah! see with my decree
You hasten to comply!
Thy faithful friend thou'lt kindly tend,
Serve him as he served thee;
Shalt house and feed thy toil-worn steed
Till death shall set him free!"

With cheeks aflame, and tears of shame,
The caitiff meekly swore
To keep the trust, and owned it just.
Then with a lusty roar
The crowds divide on either side,
For horse and man make way;
Loud plaudits ring: "Long live the King
Who justly rules this day!"

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

Early Colonization in Canada.

It may be said that the healthy social life and industrial progress of the Canadian people were due, in the main, to qualities which the founders of families brought with them from their homes in Northern France, developed and fructified by the discipline of the climate and the example and ministrations of a devoted clergy. Interesting it is to follow step by step the career of Champlain and the colony under him, and to share in the enthusiasm of Chomedy de Maisonneuve and his pious company, as with holy rites they laid the foundations of Ville Marie. Rapid, indeed, under those brave explorers of the 17th century, was the march of conquest. Once the foundations of the colony were fairly laid, they shrank from no difficulty, no danger. Missionary zeal, ambition, commercial enterprise, enlightened curiosity and love of adventure, all combined to make their successes rarely paralleled in boldness, range and usefulness. In less than a generation from the establishment of the first pioneer (Louis Hébert, 1617), that is, in the year 1645, we find, on the authority of M. Sulte, that the progress of colonization is represented by 122 *habitants* or settlers, all of whom but three are married, while one of the three is a widower. We know their names and places of birth. Thirty-four of them came from Normandy, twenty-seven from Perche, four from Beauce, three from Picardy, five from Paris, three from Maine. Of the whole number eighty were from north of the Loire. As to the wives, it is probable that the eighty north-country men were balanced by eighty north-country women, the families that supplied the former also supplying the latter. Eight years later, that is in 1653, M. Sulte reckons the settled population at 675 souls, of whom 400 were at Quebec, 175 at Three Rivers and 100 at Montreal. Among the founders of Canadian families may be mentioned Louis Hébert, Guillaume Couillard, Abraham Martin (Mgr. Taché and Dr. Taché are descended from all three of these brave pioneers), Jean Côté, Pierre Paradis, Bertrand Fafard dit Laframboise, Christophe Crevier (ancestor of Ludger Duvernay, founder of the *Minerve* and of the Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste), Pierre Boucher (ancestor of the de Boucherville family), the three Godefroys, Guillaume Couture (ancestors of Bishops Turgeon and Bourget), Joseph Gravelle, Toussaint Toupin (ancestor of Charles de Langlade), Charles LeMoine (ancestor of the most distinguished families and personages in the colony), Jacques Archambault, Gabriel Ducloux de Celles (ancestor of M. A. D. de Celles), Guillaume Pepin dit Tranche-Montagne (from whom have descended several men of mark, including Sir Hector and Bishop Langevin). There was also a floating population, consisting of fur-traders and speculators, soldiers, military officers and members of the civil service.

After 1658 the provinces south of the Loire began to contribute a considerable proportion to the population, while the immigration from Perche and Normandy declined. But, as M. Sulte points out, the first arrivals exercised a deep and lasting influence on the character and usages of the people.* A patriotic sentiment had gradually taken root, as a new generation grew up. The born Canadians looked upon Canada with the same affection that their fathers had felt for France. Some old usages were preserved, but they, as well as the songs that were brought from across the Atlantic and even the spoken tongue were somewhat modified in the course of years. The French Canadian was being developed.

J. R.

*In his *Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne*, M. Lareau (whose death at a comparatively early age was a grave loss to Canadian letters) lays stress upon the fact that the traditions, songs, tales, proverbs and superstitions of the French Canadians are all Norman or Breton.

The Song "Scots Wha Hae."

Recently, at a meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost said that at present there was for sale the original manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae," and it was in danger of going away out of the country, but the Council could purchase it for £70, and he thought it would be a great pity that it should be lost to Edinburgh. It would be a great shame that the great war song of Scotland should pass to other lands, and he moved, therefore, that the Council should authorize the purchase of the song. Councillor Auldjo Jamieson said he thought it was just that it should be known that that monument of history had been purchased by a Scotchman (Mr. Kennedy, banker, New York), who desired that, before removing it to America and placing it in a museum there, the metropolis of Scotland should have the opportunity of purchasing it at the money he paid for it himself. The Lord Provost said he thought they were extremely indebted to that gentleman. It was then agreed to purchase the song.

A Relic of Browning.

Browning was at dinner at the house of a friend when he saw a phonograph for the first time. He was greatly interested in it, and started to repeat to it "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." When half through he stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest!" The phonograph dutifully repeated all he had said, including the exclamation at the end, and the film upon which the poet's language was impressed is now preserved as a precious relic.



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HERE AND THERE.

A South Kensington professor has produced an apparatus for registering the heat of the moon. It thus appears that the warmth received from the moon is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance.

Cardinal Manning's aversion to strong drink in every form is so great that twice in articulo mortis he has refused stimulants, and he alludes triumphantly to the fact that he got well each time as a proof that stimulants are never necessary.

The Canadian survivors of the war of 1812 are rapidly passing away. They receive an annual pension from the Dominion Government. The applications for the forthcoming payment only number thirty-seven in all Canada. Last year seventy drew pensions. At the present rate the pension list will be extinguished in a few years.

It is stated that an Australian gentleman claims to have discovered a sure specific for rust in wheat. He is about to submit his process to a series of experiments to be conducted at his own cost, in the presence and under the control of agents of the Australasian Colonies. Should the result of these trials be favourable, he is willing to sell his secret to the United Governments of Australia for \$10,000, and it is reported that in such a case the price would be forthcoming.

A neat application of electricity to domestic uses is a miniature pumping plant. With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labour in the household are particularly commendable; and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available, will doubtless increase in number and utility.

"The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received," says "The Hospital," "was literally thrown at his head. He operated very successfully on a millionaire, by name Hyatt, and so delighted was the old man with his recovery that he gave three hundred pounds to

each of his attending physicians. 'But you, sir,' cried the patient to Sir Astley, 'deserve something better. Take that, sir!' With that he flung his nightcap at the surgeon. Sir Astley replied with dignity, as he picked up the cap: 'Sir, I will pocket the affront.' And well for him that he did, for the cap was lined with a draft for a thousand guineas."

Fun at the Table.

An Austin man read in a paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterises those occasions. The idea struck him so favourably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said, "Now, this sort o' thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk, like; an' you boys, laugh an' be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grapevine till you can't stand. Now begin!" The glare that he sent around the table made the family feel anything but funny.

Carlyle and the Queen.

An unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Deanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nithsdals and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, "for, 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard anything so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that explains why your Scottish subjects have the place of trust and honour they occupy to-day in every portion of your Majesty's dominions."

HUMOROUS.

A TENDER HEART.—He: I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that. She: Yes; but I should hate to see you starve.

AT BREAKFAST.—Daughter (to father with morning paper): Have you read the weather indications, pa? Pa: Yes. Daughter: What is the weather going to be? Pa: Don't know, my dear; haven't looked at the sky.

After a serious quarrel, two small school-mates ran to their teacher for redress of grievances. The one most fleet of foot was first served, and said vehemently, "Miss Mabel, Belle Baldwin hit me right in the lung!" "Well, and what did you do?" "Why, I never did nothin' at all, only just by accident I pulled her hair!"

In reciting his nursery rhymes before a family party, a little fellow of five was having a hard struggle with his memory; and his elder brother, with an air of superiority, had several times prompted him. When it was to be endured no longer, the little one drew himself up, saying, "Now, you Fred, I'm a speakin' this piece!"

A LITERARY DISPUTE.—At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor admirer of the bard read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' you plays o' Shakespeare, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair clivir than oor Rabbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them!" said the medico indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the night that it was Shakespeare who wrote those weel kent lines, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbie wud never hae written sic nonsense as that!" "Nonsense, sir?" thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, juist nonsense! Rabbie wud hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed with the croon on their head." "They hang it ower the back o' a chair."